

Canadian Illustrated News

VOL. VI.—No. 11.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1872.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



MONTREAL.—NEW BUILDING OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE VICTORIA MEDICAL COLLEGE, TORONTO.

The annexed cut shows the new building of the Medical Department of the Victoria University, a commodious edifice, situated in the immediate vicinity of the General Hospital, and a great contrast to the poky old place at Yorkville hitherto occupied as a college.

This handsome brick building has just been erected upon the corner of Don and Pine Streets. It has been specially arranged to meet the requirements of a first-class medical school, and contains a fine theatre capable of accommodating about 200 students, and is well lighted by side and sky lights. The dissecting room is likewise abundantly supplied with light, it being the chief desideratum in such a room. There is also a lecture-room, connected with the laboratory by folding doors; besides the usual waiting-rooms, museum, and faculty-room.

The architects are Messrs. Smith & Gemmel, the contractor is Mr. E. Coatsworth. The building is to be warmed by the best furnaces, furnished by Messrs. E. & C. Gurney. It will be lighted with gas, in order that lectures may be given in the evening if required.

The gentlemen composing the staff of lecturers in this college are among the leading practitioners in Toronto; and Dr. Canniff, the Dean, is well known as the author of "The Principles of Surgery," as well as "The Settlement of Upper Canada."



VICTORIA MEDICAL COLLEGE, TORONTO.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LEARNING.

A moderate-sized volume might be written on the learning and accomplishments of Queen Elizabeth. Her progress under her first instructors was marvellous. At eleven years of age she translated out of French verse into English prose "The Mirrow or Glass of the Sinful Soul." This she dedicated to Queen Catharine Parr in an epistle dated from Ashridge, December 31, 1544. This dedication and epistle have been printed by Thomas Hearne. When she was but twelve years old she translated from the English into Latin, French and Italian, "Prayers and Meditations collected out of certain pious writers by the most noble and religious Catharine, Queen of England." This she dedicated to her father, Henry VIII, in a Latin epistle dated from Hatfield, December 30, 1545. The M.S. is now in the British Museum. About the same time she translated from the French "The Meditations of Margaret, Queen of Navarre, concerning the Love of the Soul to Christ." This was published by Bale in 1548, and has been reprinted. Camden says: "Before she was seventeen years of age she very well understood the Latin, French, and Italian tongues, and the Greek indifferently." Upon the death of her father and her tutor about the same time she was much encouraged by her brother Edward, who was exceedingly attached to her, and called her his "Lady Temper." She now sent for Roger Ascham to supply the place of her tutor, and he left Cambridge for that purpose, and came to her at Cheshunt. Her diligence in the study of the Greek and Latin classics was great, and Ascham writes from Greenwich to his friend Sturmius "that he enjoyed at court as agreeable a freedom and retirement for his studies as he had ever done in the university; and that he was then reading over with the Princess Elizabeth the orations of Æschines and Demosthenes, *de Corona*, in Greek, and that she understood at first sight not only the force and propriety of the language, and the meaning of the orator, but the whole scheme of the cause, and the laws, customs, and manners of the Athenians." Her studies were interrupted by the accession of Mary, but upon succeeding to the crown herself, after the settlement of the perplexed affairs of the kingdom, she renewed them with great ardour. Ascham, in 1563, tells the young men of England that "it was their shame that one maid should go beyond them all in excellency of learning and knowledge of diverse tongues. Yea, he believed that besides her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French and Spanish, she read there at Windsor more Greek every day than some prebendaries of that church did read Latin in a whole week." She employed also Sir Henry Saville and Sir John Fortescue to read to her. The latter (who was a most accomplished scholar) read Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius, and the Greek tragedians to her. Ballard gives a wonderful account of her own personal studies. It would be tedious to recount her translations and other works. On August 5, 1564, her Majesty went to Cambridge, and stayed five days in King's College. She was entertained with tragedies, comedies, orations and other academical exercises and visited every college. Upon her departure she took leave of the university in a Latin oration, which has been preserved by Holinshed and Fuller.—*Churchman's Shilling Magazine*.

ECCENTRIC WILLS.

Fortunatus Dreynul, of Strasburg, commenced his will by stating that his grandfather gave him twenty-four livres when he was eight years old, which, in sixty-four years, had increased to five hundred. The last-named sum Dreynul directed should be divided into five portions, and invested to the best advantage. He calculated that, by the end of a century, each portion would be represented by thirteen thousand livres, and at that time the first portion was to be expended in reclaiming a morass near his native village. A hundred years later, the next portion, increased to 1,700,000 livres, was to be used to found eighty prizes for the encouragement of husbandry. At the end of the third century, his executors would have 220,000,000 livres at their disposal, which they were to apply in establishing 'Lumber houses,' where honest, industrious men could obtain loans without interest; and in building twelve museums and twelve libraries in different cities, each endowed with an income of 100,000 livres for the support of fifty scholars. At the end of the fourth century, a hundred new towns were to be built and peopled with a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, for which the testator thought the thirty millions of livres would suffice. The last "fifth," swollen in five hundred years to 3,908 millions of livres, was to be devoted to paying off the national debt of the testator's country, and whatever remained was to be applied in the same way for the benefit of Englishmen, in gratitude for Newton's beautiful work, "The Universal Art of Arithmetic."

Not very long since a clergyman left more than ten

thousand pounds for the purpose of establishing a school for illegitimate children only. A Presbyterian divine left a legacy to a church in St. Ives, to provide half a dozen Bibles every year, for which six males and six females were to throw dice on Whit-Tuesday in the church, while the minister knelt at the communion-table and prayed God to direct the lots to his glory! Mr. Tuke, of Wath, near Rotherham, bequeathed one penny to every child attending his funeral, (seven hundred claimed their pennies;) one shilling to each poor woman in Wath; half a guinea to the ringers of the Abbey Church, on condition of their ringing, with muffled clappers, certain doleful changes, from eight in the morning till eight at night, on the anniversary of his wedding day, and ringing bob majors and mirthful peals in annual commemoration of his happy release by death from domestic tyranny and wretchedness.

A German, troubled how to dispose of his money, bequeathed it to a poor man whom he detested on condition that he always wore thin white linen clothes without any extra underclothing. Stanislas Poltmaz, of Pesth, left the greater portion of his wealth to a Hungarian notary, forbidding him to take possession, however, until he had sung at La Scala or the San Carlo the parts of Othello and Elvina. "I do not dispose of my wealth in this manner," wrote the eccentric octogenarian, "for the sake of being thought an original, but having been present four years ago at an evening party in Vienna, I heard M. Lotz sing a cavatina from each of these operas with a beautiful tenor voice, therefore I believe him likely to become an excellent artist. In any case, if the public hisses him, he can console himself easily with three millions of florins which I leave him." We suppose the lucky notary has consoled himself.—*Chambers' Journal*.

BOOKWORMS.

The famous Bourdaloue read every year St. Paul, St. Chrysostom, and Cicero. He may surely be called a bookworm of the beetle type, for the works of St. Chrysostom are contained in eleven folios. He must have completed his annual task at least fifty times. Sir William Jones read through the works of Cicero every year. But for an ordinary reader to set himself to such a task would be to give him a life-long distaste for literature. We admire more the desultory reading of the book-lover. This is exhibited in his mounting a ladder for one book, pitching upon another, and in his delighted perusal of the latter, forgetting the primary object of his search. Mr. Burton, we are glad to say, regrets that in Dibdin's bibliographical works he estimates everything by its pecuniary value. "Everything is too comfortable, luxurious, and easy—russia, morocco, embossing, marbling, gilding—all crowding on one another till one feels suffocated with riches. There is a feeling, at the same time, of the utter useless pomp of the whole thing. Volumes, in the condition in which he generally describes them, are no more fitted for use and consultation than white kid gloves and silk stockings are for hard work. Books should be used decently and respectfully—reverently, if you will, but let there be no toleration for the doctrine that there are volumes too splendid for use, too fine almost to be looked at, as Brummel said of his Dresden china." The late Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., was the greatest collector of modern times. The only son of Mr. T. Phillipps, a Manchester manufacturer, he was educated at Rugby and University, Oxford. The future bibliomaniac was born in 1792, and soon after his father removed to his beautiful residence on the Cotswold Hills, Middlehill. On the death of his father he succeeded to a large fortune, and thus had the means of gratifying his great passion for collecting MSS. and books, the former particularly. That he was a genuine bibliophile the following remark by a writer in the *Athenæum*, Feb. 10, 1762, proves:—"The late baronet was not only a fine scholar, but he was one of the most learned men of his age. No one, if judging from the works issued from his private press, could form any idea of the vast range of his knowledge and acquirements in nearly every branch of historical and antiquarian lore." Few persons have any idea of the vast extent of his collection. It was especially rich in MSS.—no less than 60,000 in number, contained in 24,000 boxes. Three thousand of these are described in Hænel's "Catalogi Librorum Manuscriptorum," 1830. He bought several entire libraries, and when the intelligent bookseller, Thorpe, issued a catalogue of 1,400 vols. of MSS., Sir Thomas ordered the whole. His collection is rich in Greek MSS., monastic cartularies, and genealogical and historical papers. Sir Thomas died Feb. 6, this year, and great curiosity was naturally felt as to the disposition of his unrivalled library. A few days before his death he made a will bequeathing Thirlstone House at Cheltenham, with the library, to his youngest daughter, Mrs. Fenwick.—*Churchman's Shilling Magazine*.

FIELD AND FLOOD.

The annual match of the Toronto Rifle Club came off on the Garrison Grounds on the 4th inst.

Seaforth offers \$1,000 in premiums for her fall races, which take place on the 12th and 13th inst.

Meaford defeated Collingwood at lacrosse on the 3rd in three straight games. Time, 22, 8 and 37 minutes.

B. Johnson, champion swimmer of England, recently swam a mile, at Hendon, for a wager of £200, in 26 minutes, the fastest time on record.

A game of base-ball was played at Fergus on the 2nd between the hotel-keepers of Guelph and Fergus. The former won the game by two runs. Score, 33 and 31.

The members of the Hamilton Yacht Club have decided upon having a regatta upon a large scale during the Exhibition week, and that large prizes will be open for all comers outside of Hamilton.

A political base-ball match took place at Elora on the 4th. The players were picked nines of Conservatives and Reformers. The game resulted in a victory for the former by fourteen runs. Score—Conservatives, 60; Reformers, 46.

A match has been made between John Biglin and Ellis Ward, to be rowed at Nyack, N.Y., on Thursday, 19th September, for \$500 a side. The race is to be in smooth water over a five mile course, with one turn from right to left, each to turn his own stake boat.

The quait match which was to have taken place at Toronto on Saturday last, is postponed until to-day, (the 14th.)

Lord Dufferin has presented the Quebec Yacht Club with a splendid silver cup to be competed for in Quebec waters this fall.

The Collingwood Cricket Club defeated the Toronto Club at the latter place on Monday in one innings with one run to spare.

A cricket match was played at Paris on the 6th between the Paris and Brantford clubs, resulting in favour of the former by thirty-five runs.

The first annual meeting of the Kingston Rifle Association took place on Tuesday, September 10th; prizes to the amount of \$500 were competed for.

Arrangements are being made for the annual race for the championship of Halifax harbour. George Brown will not, it is said, be a competitor this year.

A boat race between the Chambers crew and the North-West Arm crew came off on the Arm, Halifax, on the 2nd. The former came in about ten boats' lengths ahead.

The pigeon match between Messrs. Ward and Humphries, at Toronto, has been arranged to come off on Monday, the 16th inst., instead of on the 23rd as previously announced.

A match game of base-ball was played on the 4th at Forrest between the Rangers of Forrest and the Shoo-Flies of Watford, resulting in favour of the former by a score of 13 runs.

A base-ball match was played at Hamilton on the 4th inst., between the Dolly Varden and Avalanche clubs. The scores were: Dolly Varden, 43; Avalanche, 15. The former club is open for challenges.

A lacrosse match was played on Monday morning between the Second Twelve of the Toronto club and the Beaver club of that city, resulting in three straight games for the Torontoes. Time, 10, 3 and 1½ minutes, respectively.

A cricket match was played at Belleville on Saturday between the Belleville and Montreal clubs, which resulted in favour of Belleville by 98 runs. A large number of spectators were present, and very good playing was made on both sides.

The Halifax Sailing Club's closing match for this season, came off on the afternoon of the 4th. Ten boats entered. They passed down the harbour very close to each other, and all appeared to be well handled. Mr. E. Butler's boat, the "Muta," took the race.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto have postponed the race for the Prince of Wales' Cup, which was to have been sailed last Saturday, September 7, so as to enable yachts sailing at Detroit and Put-in-Bay to shew at their moorings, on some day hereafter to be named.

The Fredericton Eleven have issued a challenge to any of the twenty-twos who have had the opportunity of playing against the Gentlemen Eleven of England, to play on the Barrack Square, St. John, on or after the 16th instant. They believe that either the Fredericton or Halifax Eleven could make a better show for the Maritime Provinces than the Twenty-twos have done for Canada proper.

The Winship-Taylor Crew have issued a challenge to row any four men in the world in fours, pairs and sculls. In the match for fours they ask a straightaway race over a four or six mile course. They would prefer a contest with the Paris Crew of St. John, and are willing to allow the crew £200 for expenses in a race for £500 a side—to be rowed over the championship course on the Tyne. They offer the same terms to the Wards, Biglins, or any other American Crew.

Mr. Muir, of the Toronto Caledonian Society, states that he has received instructions from Mr. Roderick R. McLennan, of Glengarry, to accept the challenge published by the great Scottish athlete, Donald Dinnie, in *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*, of the 27th April last, to throw the light or heavy hammer, for the sum of \$2,000. Mr. Muir also states that Mr. McLennan is prepared to throw the hammer in any style for an extra stake of \$2,000, and the 56 lb. weight for another \$2,000 a side, or for any other sum that will best suit Mr. Dinnie's convenience.

On the 4th inst., the English Eleven at Toronto finished their innings for a total of 319. The Canadian twenty-two followed, making 97 in their first innings and on their second had made 83, with 12 wickets down, when stumps were drawn for the day. On the following day the Canadians concluded their second innings for 118, leaving the Englishmen winners by 104 runs and an innings to spare. Mr. Grace scored 142. The next largest scores on the same side were: Appleby, 29, not out; Pickering, 26; and E. Lubbock, 21. The highest Canadian totals—two innings—were: Hemsted, 35; Swinyard, 30; and Whalen, 27.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE MONTREAL YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

now in course of erection on the corner of Craig and Radegonde Streets, will, when completed, form one of the finest architectural ornaments of the city. This Association is the oldest in America, having been organized in the basement of the St. Helen Street Baptist Church in November, 1851. Since that time, in common with all similar institutions, it has had its seasons of prosperity and adversity, but never has it lost sight of the object for which it was founded, and numbers of young men and also aged persons can testify to its good deeds. The Association was the first to take up in a thorough manner the work of city missions in Montreal, and for many years this field of labour was almost exclusively its own. The harbour has also for many years been most efficiently worked as a mission field, and we are informed that not a vessel leaves our port without receiving visits from its missionary or young men. Religious services in the hospital, house to house visitations, relief of the poor, procuring situations or respectable boarding places for young men, and providing a free reading-room and library are among the many plans of usefulness carried on, and so wide-spread are the good effects of its labours that it has become a necessary institution of our city. The merchants and young men so feel the importance attached to its existence that when the erection of a building for its use was proposed the response was most liberal and gratifying, and now over \$30,000 have been subscribed. The building with land will cost \$50,000, and the directors feel certain that before its completion the total amount will be forthcoming. During the past few years the Association has become increasingly useful, and under the presidency of T. Jas. Claxton, Esq., has reached a point of prosperity and a hold upon the churches and public of Montreal never before attained. The new building will be completed about June, 1873, when additional scope will be given for increased usefulness. Our illustration is from the architect's drawings. The building will form an attractive addition to Victoria Square, and the style adopted is very appropriate. The foundation and four feet of the base will be of Montreal limestone, and the superstructure of Ohio sandstone. On the ground floor on Radegonde Street will be a store, 30 feet in width, which is to be occupied, rent free, by the Bible Society, and to be used jointly with other religious societies as a depository. There will, also, be a public news-room, and the main entrance to the Association rooms. The corner store will yield a good rental. On the first floor there will be a large reading-room, circulating library, reference library, (with study), private room, and committee-room. The Secretary's desk will be in the library, so placed as to afford him an opportunity of seeing every person entering. The lecture-hall will occupy the upper floor. This hall will be 25 feet in height, with a gallery across the end, beneath which will be placed a refreshment-room and kitchen, to be used in connection with the social meetings. The whole building will be heated by steam. The height from the street to the apex of the roof will be 60 feet, and to the top of the spire 125 feet. The main entrance will be flanked by columns of polished Peterhead granite (the gift of a member). The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new building took place on Saturday last. Some very handsome medals, designed by Mr. Wyon, designer to Her Majesty, have recently been struck in honour of the event.

THE KINGSTON AND PEMBROKE RAILROAD.

The ceremony of turning the first sod of this new line, which will connect the Upper Ottawa, *via* Kingston, with the United States, took place on Monday, the 2nd instant. The day had been appointed a civic holiday, and in consequence a large crowd assembled to do honour to the inauguration of an undertaking which must in future years do much for the prosperity and progress of Kingston. Eighteen months ago this project was mooted, and it at once, and most singularly, took a deep hold on the popular favour. Since then it has had a no less remarkable series of successes, in public meetings, in municipal bonuses, in a liberal charter, in an unprecedented Government bonus, in private stock, and, lastly, in a contract as satisfactory as could be wished for. We hope that the good fortune which has so far attended the road will guide it to its completion.

The following account of the ceremony we condense from the *Kingston Whig* :—

"The locality selected for the ceremony was at the extreme north end of Rideau Street and of the railway bay, on a level plateau, where the stakes mark the crossing of the Grand Trunk branch track with the Pembroke line that is to skirt the harbour. Surrounding it on the West side is a high hill, sloping so beautifully as to afford a splendid view of the ceremony to fully one-half of the three thousand people present, while the G. T. R.R. embankment on the other side afforded another very fine sight. A ladies' stand, surmounted by a flag and staff, was filled with the beauty and elegance of the south ward, while on the north side the railway carts of the contractors, Messrs. Phelps & Co., with their horses, were drawn up in line, thus forming a complete square. At a quarter after ten o'clock, the Mayor, S. T. Drennan, Esquire, accompanied by his Council in a body, in company with C. F. Gildersleeve, President of the R.R. Company, arrived on the ground, the Band playing "Auld Lang Syne." They proceeded without much ceremony to the uplifting of the sod. The eagerness of the crowd to see the act was so great that it was a continual crush, and few were satisfied. More than once the whole assembly, dignitaries and all, were crowded into one mass, and then they were convinced that an enclosure was required to complete the arrangements. The police, however, kept the crowd back as much as possible.

Mr. Gildersleeve opened the ceremony with a speech, recounting the history of the enterprise they had met to inaugurate, and detailing the advantages that must, upon its completion, accrue to the city of Kingston. He was followed by the Mayor, upon whom, as the representative of the municipality giving the largest bonus, devolved the duty of performing the inauguration ceremony. The following is the substance of His Worship's speech:—"It was," he said, "a proud day for him in being accorded the honour of turning the first sod of an undertaking which was destined to shake the city from its slumbers to enter upon a day of prosperity. (Hearty Applause.) He hoped that he would have health and strength to live and see its completion. It was a proud

matter for him to represent a city of 13,000 people united in giving a bonus of \$300,000 to a new project, the largest amount, in proportion, ever given in Canada, being \$23 a head for each man, woman and child. But not alone were they about to benefit themselves, but their children and children's children, who would thank them for their enterprise. The contractors, Messrs. Phelps & Co., are to receive \$2,960,000 for 148 miles, or \$26,000 a mile, for building a road equal to the Rome and Watertown Railroad. Soon Pembroke would be brought within twenty-four hours' travel of New York. Hopefully we could look forward to the time when the Bay now within view would be filled with the ships of commerce, carrying away our products and leaving us fortunes. He yet hoped to see a smelting work established at Kingston, and to see vessels arriving with coal, and departing with the manufactured ore, instead of carrying it away in its rude state to Pennsylvania, (cheers.) They had a view with respect to the lumber trade of making this very spot and its surroundings what the shores at Ottawa now are—a vast plain of lumber—a country's wealth in itself." His Worship then took off hat and coat and went to work on the ground with a hearty goodwill, emblematic of the spirit which has so far attended the railroad. It was no small sod he turned, but a regular plot in itself. The barrow he heaped pretty well, and with a good run landed it, amid an outburst of enthusiasm—a perfect volley of cheers. Hearty cheers were then given for the Queen, the Contractors, the Mayor, and Mr. Gildersleeve. The ceremony was then over, and the crowds left the field, the principal citizens repairing to the British American Hotel for the *déjeuner* given by the Company.

The new railway project is, we understand, already producing its effect in the developing of the rich mineral country lying north of Kingston. The township of Bedford is rich in iron ore, plumbago and lead. Two of the most prominent iron mines are the Chaffey and Howe, which, since the Kingston and Pembroke railroad has become a certainty, have changed hands, having been purchased by the National Iron Company of Danville, Penn., who, under the superintendence of Mr. Lewis B. Hyler, have already erected workshops in the premises, and will commence mining immediately with a strong force of workmen, intending to get out about 100,000 tons per year, drawing this winter's production on the proposed line of railway, anticipating the construction of that portion of the line from Kingston by next spring. It will be shipped to the United States *via* Kingston. The iron is considered by Mr. Hyler, who is a thorough practical man, to be the best in Ontario.

The sketches of

INCIDENTS ON SHIPBOARD

were taken from life by a gentleman from the *Illustrated London News* corps who recently joined our staff. One of them shows a picture of woe such as is familiar to all those who go down to the sea in ships. The other is a little more cheerful.

Our artist supplies us this week with two more illustrations of

LIFE AT CACOUNA,

both of which speak sufficiently for themselves.

EARTHQUAKES IN 1871-72.

The following is an extremely concise list of the earthquakes and volcanic disturbances which occurred during the spring of 1872; and it must be remembered that this catalogue is necessarily imperfect, both on account of the slowness with which such information comes in, and our distance from the most direct and authentic sources of information. The time embraced is from December to April, 1871-72:

Dec. 23-Jan. 6.—Terrible earthquakes in Persia. Khabooshan, in the north-west Khorassan, entirely destroyed, and 30,000 persons killed.

Jan.—Severe earthquakes in Australia. Regions afflicted by them which never before had been shaken since the country was settled.

Jan. 16.—Shamaka, at the southern base of the Caucasus, seventy-five miles west of the Caspian Sea, entirely destroyed, and over one hundred persons killed. The surrounding country suffered severely.

Jan. 28.—Smart shock in Malaga, at 3 hours 1 minute p.m., lasting from four to six seconds.

Feb. 6.—At Winona, Minnesota, 8 a.m.

Feb. 8.—At Cairo, Illinois, 5 a.m.

March 6.—In central and eastern Germany. A large area shaken; disturbance lasted over an hour.

March 11.—Yokohama, Japan. About this time destructive earthquakes took place in Japan. The town of Hamada was destroyed, and 500 persons killed.

March 23.—At Unionville and Winnemucca, Nevada. Slight shocks.

March 26.—The series of earthquakes in California and Nevada commenced, and continued for two months and over; especially severe at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada, in Owen's Valley, where between 20 and 30 persons were killed.

The same day as the Owen's Valley earthquake, the city of Mexico was shaken between 8 and 9 a.m. It is said that this disturbance extended over a wide region to the south—that Oaxaca was seriously injured, and that the volcano of Colima burst into eruption. No authentic details, however, of these occurrences have been received.

March 26.—Slight shock at Paducah, Kentucky.

March 28.—Slight shock at Salt Lake City.

April 3.—Terrible earthquake at Antioch and vicinity; felt far to the east, and over a wide area of territory. The shocks continued for a week or more. Some 1,000 or 1,500 persons killed in the vicinity of Antioch.

April 14.—Earthquake at Accra, on the Gold Coast of Africa.

April 15.—The volcano of Merapi, in Java, which had been quiet since 1863, burst into a terrible eruption. Great destruction of life and property followed.

April 16, 17, 18.—Severe shocks in Iceland, partly destroying the town of Hasvik.

April 24.—Mt. Vesuvius commenced its greatest eruption since 1632, much loss of life and property resulting.

April —.—Eruption of the Mayou—a magnificent volcano in the Philippine Islands.

Probably over fifty thousand, and possibly as many as one hundred thousand, lost their lives in these convulsions of Nature.—*Overland Monthly*.

CANADIAN PROGRESS.

The Wellington, Grey and Bruce Railway is open to Paisley. Trains run regularly.

The first public school at New Westminster was to be opened on the 21st August.

The excess of Dominion revenue over expenditure, during the month of August, is some three millions.

The bye-law granting \$10,000 bonus to the Ontario and Quebec R. R. has been unanimously passed at Marmora.

It is stated that a double track is to be laid on the Great Western between London and Glencoe with all expedition.

An immense and very valuable bed of magnetic iron, mixed with nuggets of native iron, has just been discovered in Leeds township, Megantic.

200 labourers are engaged on the works of the North Shore Railway. The Company will endeavour to grade about fifteen miles of the road before the snow falls.

The *Canada Gazette* gives the names of a Company called the Dolphin Manufacturing Company, which is to engage in mining barytes, &c., at Five Islands, N. S.

Post-offices are being established throughout the Province of British Columbia. It is also said that a mail service and Post-office have been organized for the North Arm.

The work of constructing the Puget Sound telegraph is progressing rapidly. The line will cross Hood's Canal with a span of one mile and three-quarters, said to be the longest in the world.

Specimens of heavy tin stone, or cassiterite, were discovered a few months since on the northern shore of Lake Superior, near Neepigon Bay. The deposits are said to be extensive and valuable.

Application is to be made to the Quebec Parliament for power to build a railway from Metapedia, in connection with the Intercolonial, to New Carlisle and Paspébiac, with power to extend to Gaspé Basin.

Mr. Wilmet, of Newcastle, Ontario, well-known in the work of artificial propagation of salmon and other fish in the Dominion, has arrived at St. John, for the purpose of selecting sites for the introduction of this new industry into that Province.

At a meeting of the Levis Town Council a resolution for a bye-law to place the Corporation in a position to impose a special tax for the payment of the interest on the subscription of \$50,000 of the Levis and Kennebec Railway was unanimously passed.

The contractors of the Kingston and Pembroke Railway, under the superintendence of Mr. Joseph Upper, commenced work last week. They intend soon to have five hundred men at work, and expect to have about thirty miles ready for the rails before winter.

The track-layers on the Canada Air Line (Great Western) expected to reach St. Thomas by the 13th. The line, it is expected, will be ready for traffic from Glencoe to St. Thomas by December. The wire and material for the Montreal Telegraph line over this route has arrived at Glencoe.

Mr. Frank Giles, formerly an engineer of the European and North American Railway, has recently purchased an extensive bed of iron ore near the Pictou Coal Fields, and intends erecting smelting mills for reducing the ore, and rolling mills for preparing the iron for railways, shipping, and other purposes.

The shipment of planks and boards from Ontario and Quebec have more than doubled in the past five years, the export of these articles now reaching the annual aggregate of seven millions of dollars. The exports of timber are nearly three times the aggregate value of the sawn lumber sent abroad. For four years past the value of these exports has increased at the rate of a million dollars annually.

The Newfoundland correspondent of the *Halifax Citizen* says Sir Hugh Allan has arranged the details of the new contract for our oceanic steam service, which commences at once. The terms are £600 sterling per round trip as subsidy, eight months of the year on the outward and homeward trips. The ports in Britain will be probably Liverpool and Glasgow alternately, the Liverpool line going from here to Halifax, the Glasgow line to Montreal. We anticipate a great benefit to the trade from this new arrangement; our mail communications will be quickened, and the facilities of travel multiplied.

A meeting in the interest of the Hamilton and North Western Railway was held at Barrie on the 3rd inst. The meeting was addressed by the Hamilton delegates, Mayor Chisholm, Messrs. Æmilus Irving, Young, and Saunders, and Messrs. Sewey, Boys, Perkins, MacConchy, and others. The utmost unanimity prevailed, and a committee was appointed to arrange for the necessary bonus. At Thornton a meeting was held on the following day, when addresses were delivered in favour of the road by the Chairman, Mr. Davis, Warden of the county, and other gentlemen, and a resolution was carried unanimously pledging the township of Essa to a bonus of \$5,000 per mile.

A correspondent of the *St. John Telegraph*, who recently made an inspection of the work, writes that the Company who have undertaken to construct a railway from Fredericton, N.B., to River du Loup, on the border of the Province of Quebec, are making good progress. Already about 15 miles of the line are ready for the sleepers and rails, and it is expected that twenty miles will be in running order before the snow falls. For ten miles above Fredericton the line keeps close along the bank of the river. As it proceeds it leaves the St. John and strikes off into the rich fertile lands. The experiment of bringing out Shetlanders to work upon the railway proved a failure. Most of them soon broke their agreement with the Company, and went elsewhere to seek other employment.

HARBOR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND, Dec. 9th, 1871.

JAS. I. FELLOWS, ESQ.—*Dear Sir*: We are receiving orders almost daily from the Outports for your invaluable Syrup of Hypophosphites, and the sale is steadily increasing. I firmly believe it has done more good than any medicine yet discovered, in the cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough and kindred diseases. It is the only medicine we have which cures these diseases by strengthening the Nervous system; and as it is also what we call a sound chemical preparation, I predict for it a more extended demand than any other remedy in existence. Yours very truly,

W. H. THOMPSON.

CANADIAN HORSES IN THE STATES.

As a representative Canadian journal it is always a pleasant task for us to record the victories won by Canadians abroad. A few weeks ago we had to chronicle the triumphs of our Canadian riflemen at Wimbledon, and it now behoves us to put on record, a triumph of a different, though of no inferior, kind. At Long Branch this year Mr. Bannatyne, whose name has become as a household word in Canadian sporting circles, achieved such success as will confer on our turf-men no small prestige. He brought back with him a splendid Cup as a memorial of the season.

This valuable piece of plate—it is rather a bowl than a cup—was the prize competed for this summer by gentlemen riders in a steeple chase over the usual course, about three miles, at Long Branch. It was won by Mr. Bannatyne, on his well-known hunter "Duffy." It is remarkable that Mr. Bannatyne's "Duffy" and "Milesian" won every steeple-chase and hurdle-race—five in number—run during the two regular meetings held at Long Branch this year. The latter horse, carrying 155½ lbs., won a hurdle-race of two miles over eight hurdles in 3 m. 52½ s., being the fastest time ever made with the same weights up. Last year "Milesian" won a very handsome bowl presented by Mr. J. F. Chamberlin. The Long Branch Cup—the subject of our illustration—is a very handsome bowl of solid silver, frosted outside and gilt within. The handles are beautifully fashioned horses' heads, and on each side of the rim, diagonally from the handles, are medallions representing in



SILVER CUP WON BY D. D. BANNATYNE, ESQ., OF MONTREAL, AT THE LONG BRANCH RACES.

alto-relievo races of wild Ukraines. In front is engraved the following inscription:—

MONMOUTH PARK,
LONG BRANCH RACES.
won by
DOUGALD D. BANNATYNE,
July 3rd, 1872.

MR. SPURGEON ON RESPECTABILITY.—Mr. Spurgeon was present at the laying of the memorial stone of a new Baptist Chapel at Lordship-lane, Dulwich, and in the course of an address he said he was thinking about calling the ministers together and having a strike. He was quite sure that a very large proportion of the ministers of all denominations did not earn anything like so much as the men who laid the stones of that building. There were many of his own students—men who were doing good useful work—who, if they earned as much per annum as an ordinary labourer, would think themselves well off. How was it possible to expect a minister to contribute to the various works and to mingle as one of themselves in society if he were not supported adequately? Further on, Mr. Spurgeon alluded to the spirit of "caste" which divided so many classes of society. He hoped, he said, they were not respectable. There was nothing in the world he hated so much as respectability. The respectable sovereign never spoke to the respectable half-sovereign, the respectable half-sovereign utterly ignored the existence of the half-crown, the latter in its turn looked with contempt upon the sixpence, while silver had no knowledge of its relation, copper. What people termed "respectability" was simply dislike to mingle one with the other.



KINGSTON.—TURNING THE FIRST SOD OF THE KINGSTON AND PEMBROKE RAILWAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH.

INCIDENTS ON SHIPBOARD.—SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY C. KENDRICK.



MIDDAY ON THE FORECASTLE.



THE FIRST BIT OF SUNSHINE.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1872.

SUNDAY,	Sept. 15.—	Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity. Great Boat Race at Lachine, 1870.
MONDAY,	" 16.—	Atlantic Telegraph opened, 1858.
TUESDAY,	" 17.—	First Upper Canada Parliament met at Niagara, 1792. Inauguration of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, 1871.
WEDNESDAY,	" 18.—	Ember Day. Capitulation of Quebec, 1759.
THURSDAY,	" 19.—	Lord Sydenham died, 1841. Dr. Jelf died, 1871.
FRIDAY,	" 20.—	Ember Day. Jesuit's College, Montreal, opened, 1848.
SATURDAY,	" 21.—	St. Matthew, Ap. & Ev. Siege of Fort Erie raised, 1814.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at 26 Beaver Hall, Montreal, by THOS. D. KING, for the week ending Sept. 8th, 1872.

	Mean Temp. 7 A. M., 2 P. M., 9 P. M.	Max. Temp. of day.	Min. Temp. previous night.	Mean Rel. Hum. 7 A. M., 9 P. M.	Mean Height of Bar.	Gen. Direction of Wind.	State of Weather.
Sept. 2	59	68	60	67	29.94	N W	Rain.
3	54	63	47	61	30.07	N W	Clear.
4	57	67	45	60	30.01	Variable	Clear.
5	62	74	51	71	29.93	S W	Cloudy.
6	69	79	56	74	29.96	S S E	Cloudy.
7	72	85	56	86	29.89	S	Rain.
8	71	79	70	85	29.96	S W	Rain.
MEAN	63.4	73.6	45.0	72.0	29.97		

Extreme Range of Temperature, 40.0; of Humidity, 50.5; of Barometer, 0.25.

Whole amount of rain during the week, 3.063 inches, equivalent to 69,293 gallons of water per acre.

On the afternoon of the 7th, from 6 till 9, violent thunder storm, heavy rain.

OUR NEXT NUMBER

The next number of the

"ILLUSTRATED NEWS"

will contain sketches taken at the

MONTREAL HORTICULTURAL AND AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS;

an illustration of

THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW BUILDING OF THE MONTREAL Y. M. C. ASSOCIATION;

Portraits of

MR. JETTE, M. P. FOR MONTREAL EAST, AND OF

MR. WITTON, M. P. FOR HAMILTON;

and sketches of the

POINT LEVIS IMMIGRATION SHEDS.

Country dealers should send in their orders at once to secure early attention.

A NEW NOVEL BY WILKIE COLLINS,

ENTITLED

"THE NEW MAGDALEN,"

a tale of the Franco-German War, will be commenced in the number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS for the 5th of October, and will be continued simultaneously with its production in London.

The Proprietor of the NEWS having secured the exclusive right of its publication in serial form in this country, all parties entreaching on his rights by re-publishing this story, or vending other periodicals containing the same, expose themselves to the penalties provided by Law.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1872.

It is a fashion much in vogue among a certain class of pretended humanitarians, speaking of the care bestowed by man upon his suffering fellows, to contrast the barbarities often inflicted in early times upon those afflicted either in mind or body, with the arrangements and appliances for treating the sick, which have come in with the march of civilisation. On the particular question of the treatment of the insane, these would-be philanthropists are more than usually enthusiastic. They seem utterly to forget that in this case the march of civilisation has been, if anything, backwards, and that we are far more worthy of blame than our untaught, semi-civilized forefathers. With them the usual treatment of the insane was simply to lock them up and keep them out of the way of doing harm. Tortures were rarely applied, and as there were then no known means of curing, or at least of lightening the heavy load of lunacy, they deserve the credit of having at least done their best. And how much better are we than our ancestors? We have long since ceased to believe in the virtues of the many Curatives prescribed by the leeches of the middle ages. Scientific research has done much to extend and facilitate the study of the various branches of medicine. It has been clearly demonstrated that lunacy is in many cases curable by gentle means, and yet, notwithstanding all our advantages, we suffer in our midst the practice of a torture and cruelty which would be a disgrace to any age, and which, in these days of refinement and enlightenment, is simply a horror crying loudly for searching investigation and speedy redress.

No man has done more to expose the barbarities practised in Private Lunatic Asylums than Mr. Charles Reade. When his novel, "Very Hard Cash," appeared,

in which an account is given of the dreadful *modus curandi* followed in these frightful dens, people asked each other in consternation "can such things be?" It seemed incredible that in a civilized community a deliberate system of kidnapping and revolting cruelty should be carried on with impunity. Mr. Reade's revelations have had their counterpart on this continent in the description given by Mr. Chambers, a reporter on the staff of the New York *Tribune*, of the treatment pursued in the Bloomingdale Asylum. By working himself up into a high state of excitement and counterfeiting insanity, Chambers managed to deceive two physicians, and was regularly committed to the asylum under the warrant of a justice. On his admission to the establishment he played his part so admirably that it was deemed advisable to consign him to one of the "Excited Wards," and to an Excited Ward he accordingly went. The apartment allotted to him was a mere cell, eight feet by ten, and absolutely without furniture with the exception of a cot of straw. To add to this discomfort the open window was directly above the head of the bed, the floor was damp, and the smell of chloride of lime was so strong as to make the place almost untenable. In this hole he passed a night of horror. Sleep was out of the question. Time after time his rest was broken by the unearthly screams of a raving maniac whose quarters were below, and when morning broke it found him utterly prostrated and exhausted. Shortly after six the patient went down to breakfast. The meal consisted of a small allowance of meat, two boiled potatoes, some sliced tomatoes, bread, a small piece of butter, and a bowl of coffee, containing just a trace of milk and sugar. The other meals were in proportion. Four days did the amateur patient spend in gathering his experiences of the Excited Wards, and the misery compressed in those ninety-six hours nearly cost him his reason. Amusement there was none, books there were none. Day after day brought the same dull round of monotonous routine. Want of rest at night, want of occupation by day, the meagre fare and the fearful sights and sounds that surrounded him were telling fearfully upon him when he was removed to a Quiet Ward just in time to preserve his sanity. Of the treatment of the patients in the Excited Ward Chambers is loud in his denunciations. Not only were patients subjected to neglect and discomfort, but they were treated with actual cruelty by the brutal attendants. One patient, an old man, gray, palsied, and said to be blind, upon stopping before the dinner table at meal time as if uncertain what to do, was rudely thrust backward into a chair, and before he had recovered from the shock which a fall of that kind would give a man of his infirmity, he was struck in the face by the passionate attendant. A wretched idiot was locked out, in a kind of iron cage at the end of the building, and left there for several hours in a nude state, exposed to the wind and sun. These are only two cases among many, but they serve to give an idea of the treatment to which patients are subjected in a high-class and expensive asylum. We shall anxiously look for the result of Mr. Chambers' disclosures. It is impossible to believe that the matter will be allowed quietly to drop after having filled the role of a mere nine days' wonder. There are hundreds of establishments of the same kind as that at Bloomingdale throughout the States, each and all of which should be made to undergo a rigid examination. But the real way—the only way to do away with the evil is to abolish Private Asylums altogether. Until this is done, and until all asylums are placed under State control and subjected to the inspection of State officials, the abuse will never be effectually checked. Fortunately, here in Canada we have no need for any such reforms.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Thursday the 13th was a red-letter day in the journal of Montreal theatre-goers. During the early part of the week Mr. Dominick Murray appeared in "Escaped from Sing Sing," and those who witnessed him in the sensation drama were astonished at the versatility displayed on Thursday night. "The Merchant of Venice" was the piece of the evening, and turned out, if we except one or two drawbacks, a perfect success. As Shylock Mr. Murray is not to be surpassed by any of the great actors who have studied this part and made it peculiarly their own. His conception of the character is perfect, and his acting thoroughly natural and free from the incurable vice of rant that spoils so many an otherwise good actor. Throughout the whole of his acting there was not a gesture too much, and his delivery was so unaffected that it was a perfect treat to listen to and watch him. Turn by turn he exhibited with wonderful fidelity the various passions that reigned in the breast of the Hebrew money-lender, his hatred of the Christians, his avarice, his rage at the loss of his daughter and of his jewels, his pathetic remembrance of his lost wife Leah, his triumph over Antonio's downfall, and his mortification at his own defeat. It is a pity such acting is not to be seen every day. Of the other actors we may single out for especial mention Miss Amelia Waugh, who played the part of Portia, and Miss Alexander's Jessica. Gratiano's part was entirely overdone; there was too much "play the fool," and his representative committed more than once the unpardonable fault of trying to attract to himself the attention of the house during some of Shylock's finest parts.

THE MAGAZINES.

Church's Musical Visitor is a periodical devoted, as its name implies, to matters musical. In its particular line this publication is unsurpassed. Its pages are crowded with information of interest to musicians, both professional and amateur. The present number contains, in addition to the ordinary reading matter, three pieces of music, of which Schuman's *Schlummerlied* is one.

Blackwood's for August contains an instalment of "A True Reformer," which has been running for nearly six months past, and a paper, No. 7 in the series, on French Home Life. "The Pundrapore Residency" is a sketch of Indian life which will be better appreciated in England than on this side of the Atlantic. The piece *par excellence* of the number is an article on the late Earl of Mayo, Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

Appleton's Journal contains some admirable illustrations of places of interest in and about Detroit, accompanied by a descriptive article. There are also, besides instalments of the serials, "Lady Sweetapple" and "An Open Question," several complete stories, a pleasantly scientific article, entitled "A Puzzle for Antiquarians," a paper by George Augustus Sala on Form-Sickness, and the usual complement of Poetry, Table-Talk, Scientific Notes, etc., etc.

Lippincott's Magazine gives us two illustrated articles: "Through William Penn's 'Low Counties,'" and "Wanderings in Palestine." To the Canadian reader the latter will, of course, be found the most acceptable, though both are full of interest. "The Great American Hotel" is an admirable account of the miseries and miseries of hotel life, which is sure to be read with pleasure by all who come across this periodical. The "experiences" narrated are such as all hotel frequenters will understand and greet as old, though very disagreeable, acquaintances. "The Black Pearl," a translation from Victorien Sardou, is a quaint and pleasing—though semi-scientific—story, the scene of which is laid in Amsterdam. "No. 25" is not so good. Among the poetry we have "Andrea's Mistake," on an episode in the life of the great Florentine master, Andrea del Sarto; and "The Flight of a Bird," that reads just like a carol of joy and pride.

The *Atlantic Monthly* has so many good points that it is difficult to select for especial notice. Holmes' "Poet at the Breakfast-Table" is the great attraction—a star which in this case is admirably supported by the lesser lights. "A Day in a Japanese Theatre," treats of a subject with which most of us have been made familiar by frequent description, but the account given here is so good that the somewhat worn subject acquires fresh interest. "Nuremberg" is a chatty article, descriptive of that quaintest of all quaint German towns. "An Old Friend with a New Face" introduces us to a gentleman little known in these days, Maurice Morgann, the vindicator of Falstaff's courage. Without, at all agreeing with Mr. Morgann, the reader of this paper will meet with much food for reflection in his arguments. "Aunt Rosy's Chest" is a characteristic sketch of life in the Southern States. Mrs. Leon-owens, better known as the English Governess at Siam, contributes a short tale of harem life in that far off country. The gem of the poetry is "The Three Bells" by John G. Whittier.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MIDDLEMARCH: A Study of Provincial Life; by George Eliot. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This is the first volume of George Eliot's last novel, now being published simultaneously in England and in the States. In its present incomplete state we refrain from passing any lengthy judgment on its merits. It is, as indicated in its supplementary title, a study of the rather tame, hum-drum life usually lead by country people of the upper middle class in England. It is astonishing, however, to note the immense interest developed by the author from the somewhat scanty materials that form the basis of his story. The volume forms one of Harper's Library Edition of George Eliot's works, and will shortly be followed by its mate.

OMBRA. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros. pp. 170, paper, 75 cents.

As a literary production "Ombra" cannot be called a success, although there can be no doubt that it will have a large sale. The heroine, Kate Courtenay, is an orphan heiress, a wild, unmanageable girl of fifteen—at the time of the opening of the book—who gives herself great airs and meddles with everything that does not concern her, even to the candles on the altar at the parish church and poor widow Budd's snuff. Kate is put under the charge of an aunt, the widow of a consul, a lady rejoicing in the "plebeian name" (!) of Anderson, who is insincere without being hypocritical, but who, notwithstanding such a charming character, is perpetually pretending to be what she is not. Another characteristic of this good lady is that she perpetually snivels over her niece—"tears of pain and trouble that would come to her eyes." Her daughter, Ombra, is an excessively jealous young woman, given to tempers, who having refused a man whom she really loved, devotes the greater part of her time—until near the close of the book—to indulgence in passionate outbursts and to the pleasant pursuit of making everybody about her wretched. The great friend of Mrs. Anderson is a Mrs. Eldridge, the rector's wife, a model "horrid woman," fussy, interfering, and professional. As partners for the two young ladies we have the two Hardwicks—two very Antipholi—cousins, born on the same day, named alike, and looking alike. Of course Ombra married the one and Kate the other; but this is brought about only after a very wearisome and absurdly unnecessary piece of mystery. Altogether the book is very much below Mrs. Oliphant's standard.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

From the 1st November next an alteration takes place in the rates of postage between Canada and Newfoundland. Hitherto the rate has been 12½ cents for the ½ oz., just double that placed on letters between this country and England. In future it will be six cents. This is a step in the right direction. When are we to have free carriage of newspapers?

Why not re-name British Columbia? Since the admission of that province into the Union its present appellation is absurd. As a Canadian Province it is essentially British, and there is no necessity for prefixing the adjective. If Columbia sound too American to English ears there are heaps of other appropriate names to choose from. Of these we may mention New Hanover, Vancouver, Nootka, or, best of all, Victoria.

An act has been recently passed in England which would, we are sure, be hailed with satisfaction by a large majority of Canadians. It deals with a nuisance in which Montreal is more than usually prolific, viz., manufactory steam-whistles. By the act the use of steam-whistles in manufactories to call the workmen or to dismiss them is prohibited, under a penalty of £5, and a fine of 40s. for every day the nuisance is continued.

One of the greatest humbugs of the Second Empire was the system of wholesale decorating practised by the late Emperor. With the advent of the Republic one would imagine that a practice so hostile to Republican ideas would have been discontinued, but alas! men are but mortal, be they Republicans or Monarchists; and now we learn that President Thiers is to decorate—if he has not already done so—a batch of thirty aspirants for honours, who were to go up to Tronville for the purpose. And this is Republican simplicity!

Wine-drinkers—that is *connoisseurs* of the veritable article—are rare birds in Canada, so the following intelligence which appears in a Carlsruhe letter to an English paper will not create the same commotion amongst us it excited in England: "Just as usual, several cartloads of bilberries are passing through our city *en route* for Wurtemberg, where they will undergo a process of pressing and be sold to the wine dealers for colouring wines, &c. Many a wine-drinker thinks, while he quaffs his red wine, that its tint has been derived from the glowing sun of Bordeaux or the Upper Rhine, whereas in reality it is indebted for it to the pine forests of the 'Odenwald.'"

At this season of coal panics and high prices it is satisfactory to hear that this year Montrealers need not fear a fuel-famine such as occurred last winter. An Eastern Township journal informs us that immense quantities of anthracite coal, from the great delivery of Roundout, New York, and other coal stations, pass every week *via* the Chamblé Canal for Montreal. The same journal is assured that already this summer fully fifty per cent. more coal has been imported into Montreal from the States than during the whole of last season. Apropos of fuel, nothing has been heard for a long time of the Provident Fuel Association. Is it merely a nonentity, or is it quietly operating?

Here is something worthy the attention of employers and employed:—"The English act to make further provision for arbitration between masters and servants, has been issued. An agreement is to designate some board, council, or persons as arbitrators. A master and a workman to become mutually bound by an agreement upon the master or his agent giving to the workman, and the workman accepting, a printed copy of the agreement. A workman may, within 48 hours after the delivery to him of the agreement, give notice to the master that he will not be bound by the agreement, and thereupon the agreement is to be of no effect as between such workman and master. There are other regulations to facilitate arbitrations between masters and workmen."

The prevailing ignorance abroad respecting Canada and Canadians is something astonishing. We have become quite accustomed to seeing the *Illustrated London News* gravely make the statement year after year that "the Dominion Parliament opened at Toronto on —," but we cannot help being surprised that our neighbours across the line should exhibit such crass ignorance of Canadian affairs as appears in a recent letter from a travelling correspondent to one of the best of the New York dailies. The gentleman in question, writing from Ogdensburg, says:—"On the opposite side of the river, which is a mile and a quarter wide, is the flourishing town (oh!) of Prescott, in Canada. There isn't any Canada East or Canada West any more—it's all Ontario." All Ontario? And what of Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba and British Columbia? Verily when the blind lead the blind they both fall into the ditch. If he had said "all Canada," we should not have found fault.

The New York *Sun* is pleased to speak very highly of this paper. In Monday's issue it says:—"There is no Canadian publication which does so much credit to the art, taste, and public spirit of the Dominion as the *Canadian Illustrated News* of Montreal. It is a weekly paper of sixteen large pages, full of illustrations on wood of a very high order of merit, and with letter press quite equal to any of its rivals in older countries. The Canadians may well be proud of it." Our *confrère* is not altogether right in his statement with regard to our illustrations. Not a single wood-cut has ever appeared in the *News*, and herein lies the peculiarity of our method of illustration—a method which requires only one-tenth the money and one-tenth the time necessary to produce wood-cut illustrations. By this method we are enabled to reproduce a double page engraving within one hour of the time when it is received—and that with only two men at work. To reproduce a similar illustration by the wood-cutting process it would be necessary to employ two engravers for fifty hours!

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE DOMINION.

The meeting of the Roman Catholic Bishops at Quebec opened on the 5th.

The Intercolonial Railway will be open from Halifax to Amherst in October.

The Young Men's Christian Association Convention opened at Halifax on the 5th inst.

The Halifax Chamber of Commerce has affiliated with the Dominion Board of Trade.

It is reported that the "Great Eastern," after landing the cable at Halifax, will load with coals for England.

A very heavy storm visited Montreal last Saturday, which did some damages to buildings on the outskirts of the city.

The Montreal River division of the Canada Pacific survey have nearly completed their labours, and will return to Ottawa in a few weeks.

The investigation into the murder case, arising out of the riot of the late election, is going on before the Clerk of the Peace at Quebec.

The Young Men's Christian Association Convention met at Halifax last week. Truro has been fixed upon as the next place of meeting.

Two hundred men are to be enlisted from among the Active Militia Force and sent to Manitoba at once to relieve the troops now there. Their time of service expires on or about the first of October. The pay and land grants will be the same as given to the troops already at Fort Garry. One hundred men will be enlisted from Ontario and one hundred from Quebec. They will be enlisted for one year, or for as much longer as Government may require; time not exceeding two years.

UNITED STATES.

Signor Mario arrived in New York on the 4th inst.

The general council of the Internationals is to be removed from London to New York.

The statue of Sir Walter Scott, made purposely at Edinburgh for Central Park has arrived at its destination.

The great work of tunneling the New York Central Railway, from Union Depot to the Harlem river, has been begun.

The Lotus Club of New York gave a reception to Mario, the tenor, on the 5th. Whitelaw Reid delivered the address of welcome.

At the Louisville Convention Charles O'Connor was nominated for the Presidency by acclamation, and John Quincy Adams for the Vice-Presidency.

The Arizona collection of rubies has been sent to London for identification, if possible, by the parties claiming to have recently sold them to Americans.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Heavy failures are reported from England.

The rinderpest has made its appearance in Yorkshire.

The anniversary of Sedan passed off without disturbance.

The potato crop in England and Ireland will be a failure.

M. Thiers is preparing a residence for the Pope at Compiègne.

The banished German Jesuits will probably settle in Ireland.

A riot took place at Berlin on Saturday last, owing to a rise in the price of beer.

The Austrian and Hungarian delegations are to meet at Pesth on the 15th inst.

Advices from London state that a further advance has been made in the price of coal.

Twenty thousand miners in the Midland coal mines are about to strike for an increase of wages.

The budget to be submitted to the new Spanish Cortes will show a deficit of 2,600,000,000 reals.

Riots have taken place at Narbonne. The department has been declared to be in a state of siege.

The number of emigrants who left Liverpool for America during the month of August is 19,000.

Both the Russian Czar and the Emperor of Austria have been staying at Berlin for some time past.

An explosion at the powder-mills at Hounslow, near London, killed four persons, and injured several others.

Riots have taken place at Nismes in the department of the Garde. They were finally suppressed by the military.

The publishers of Napoleon's life of Cæsar have brought a suit against the ex-Emperor for a violation of contract.

The military party in Germany are displeased because the magnificent fortress of Belfort has been left to the French.

The Grand Vizier of Turkey has been found guilty of malfeasance in office, and despoiled of his dignities and estates.

The most impressive Masonic honours were paid to the memory of Juarez in the city of Mexico. A lodge of sorrow was held.

The rumour is that the award of the Geneva Tribunal will be from twelve to fifteen million pounds in favour of the United States.

Odo Russell, the British Ambassador at Berlin, has asked for information regarding the true meaning of the meeting of the Emperors.

Pere Hyacinthe was married in London on the 3rd to an American widow, aged 39 years, daughter of Amery Buttersfield, one of Pere Hyacinthe's converts.

The members of the Board of Arbitration were entertained at a banquet on Saturday by the Municipality of Geneva. On Thursday a State dinner was given in their honour at Berne.

The Pacific Mail Steamship "America" was burned to the water's edge on the 24th ult., at Nangasakaki. Ten Chinamen are missing, and the mails, freight and baggage destroyed.

The result of the deliberation of the Geneva Conference will be made known to-day (Saturday.) The German Emperor will probably give his decision on the San Juan affair at the same time.

It is reported that Mlle Natalie Dosue, niece of M. Thiers, is to be married to John Stuyvesant Kruyer, of New York city.

John Gregory Smith has resigned the Presidency of the Northern Pacific Railway, and Geo. W. Cass, recently President of the Pittsburg, For Wayne and Chicago line, was elected to succeed him.

It is rumoured that Miss Nellie Grant is to be married to Duverger de Haranne, author of a work on the Institutions of the United States, and son of a distinguished Historian of the Parliamentary Government in France.

A collision has taken place at Lyons between the municipal and national authorities. The cause of the affair was the removal from the schools by the municipal council of certain ecclesiastical teachers, who were subsequently reinstated by the national authorities.

The Hungarian Diet was opened on the 4th inst. by the Emperor Francis Joseph in person. The speech from the Throne urges perseverance in the work of internal reform, and congratulates the kingdom and Empire on their happy relations with foreign powers.

The Vienna *Presse* says that Odo Russell, British Ambassador at Berlin, had an audience lasting an hour with the Emperor William. Mr. Russell desired to ascertain from his Majesty information as to the object of the conference between himself and his Imperial visitors.

London advices show that the striking mania is prevailing all through England. The chair-makers of Wycombe, the coalmen of Lowestoft, the silk-weavers of Sudbury, the stonemasons of Preston, and the bakers of Dublin. The London carpenters, bricklayers, and cabinet-makers continue their strikes. The Post-office officials have petitioned for an advance of wages. The journeymen butchers of London have formed a union for the purpose of getting higher wages.

CHESS.

Solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GREEN HORN.—You are correct about No. 1,451 in *London Illustrated News*; the solution in three moves you suggest has been overlooked.

T. H. R.—In the position received Black's third move dis. ch. Could you not alter the position, so as to avoid three consecutive checks?

Send amended diagram, with your name at the top, and solution at the back.

We publish with pleasure the following circular, and trust that our Chess-playing readers will further the objects proposed in so far as lies in their power, and that those who can attend will do so, and assist personally at the meetings.

Associations, such as it is proposed to form, are quite general in Britain, on the Continent, and the American Clubs also have one in active operation;—why should the Dominion, (which contains many accomplished players,) be behind this age?

The Hamilton Club deserves the thanks and hearty support of all true votaries of Chess for taking the initiative in the movement, and we cordially wish it success.

To the Chess-Players of the Dominion.

At a meeting of the Hamilton Chess Club, held on the 20th August, 1872, the following resolutions were adopted:—

1st. That it is desirable to organize a Canadian Chess Association, of the various Chess Clubs in the Dominion.

2nd. That in view of the Provincial Exhibition being held in this city, commencing on the 23rd of September, a circular be issued, inviting the attendance (during the Exhibition) of the Chess-players of the Dominion at a meeting in Hamilton, for the purpose of organizing said Association.

In accordance with the above resolutions, we hereby invite the Chess-players of the Dominion to attend a meeting to be held at the City Hall, in this city, on Tuesday evening, the 24th day of September next, at 8 o'clock.

W. T. TAYLOR,
President.
I. RYALL, M.B.,
Secretary.

Hamilton, Ont., 30th August, 1872.

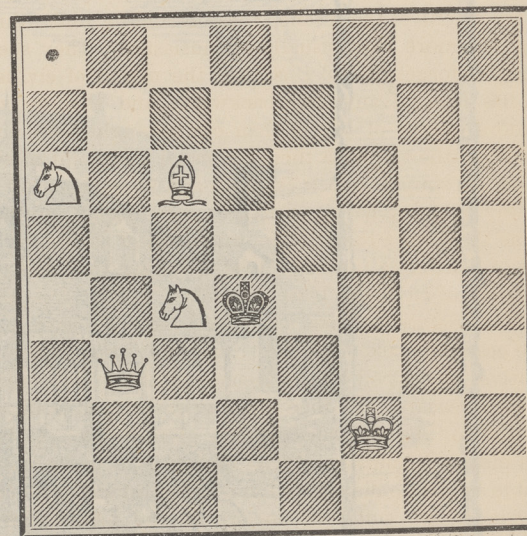
N. B.—Objects of the meeting will be:—To frame rules for the guidance of our clubs, more particularly to govern telegraph matches, and to have an *impromptu* tournament, if practicable.

The London *Advertiser* says:—"In Chess circles there is a good deal of talk just now of a congress of Canadian Chess-players to be held during the Provincial Fair week at Hamilton. Such a meeting would probably be attended by representatives from all the leading clubs in the Dominion, and would be the means of instilling fresh spirit into the lovers of the royal game. Battles upon the checkered field would be contested by skilled players, and the tourneys would doubtless be exciting and interesting."

PROBLEM No. 60

By J. W.

BLACK.

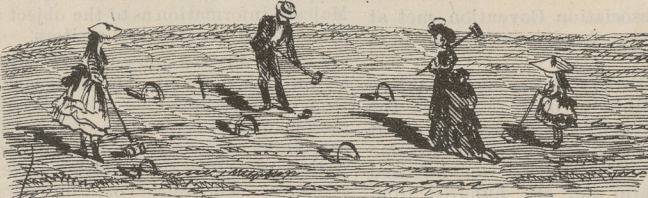
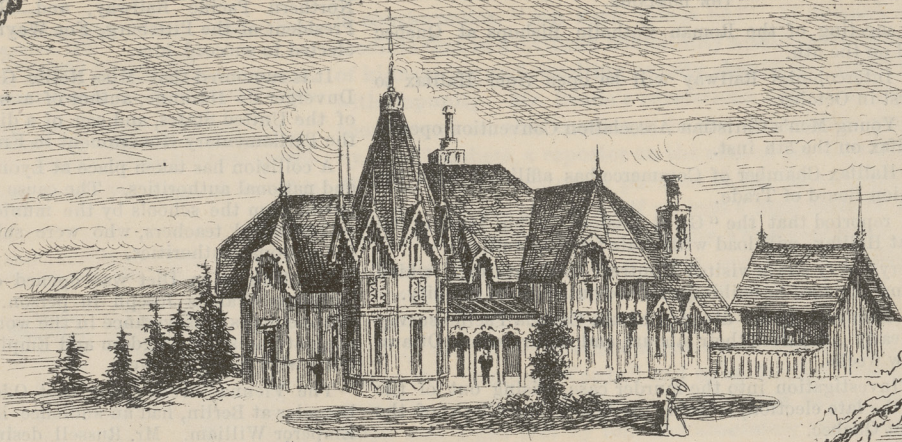


WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 59.

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. B. to Q. Kt. 2nd | P. takes B. |
| 2. P. to K. 3rd | K. moves. |
| 3. Q. to K. 7th, mate. | |



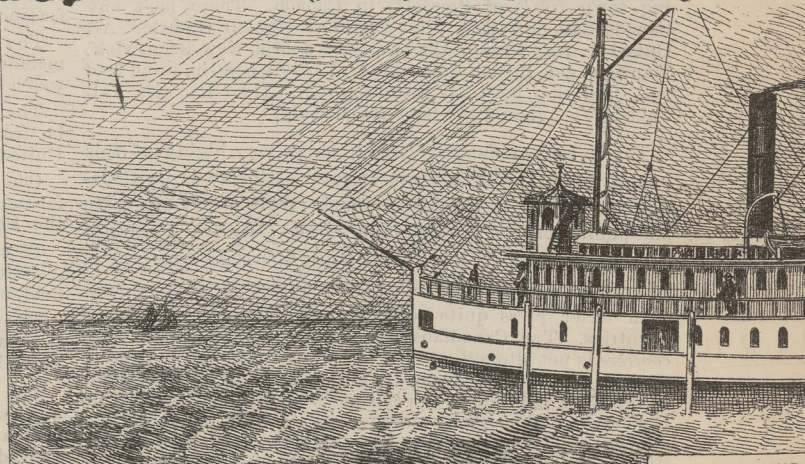
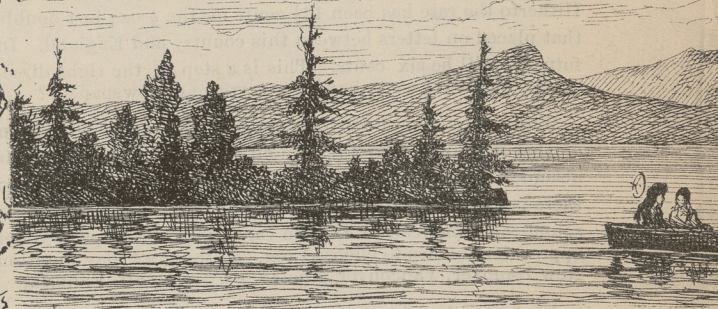
A. MOLSON ESQ^r



AT THE WIGWAM.



A. ALLAN ESQ^r



ACROSS THE



MUN. JOHN ROSS.

BATHING.

D. YOUNG ESQ.

UNION.

ST. LAWRENCE TO THE SAGUENAY.

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.

The Marquis of Bute is preparing for the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition of 1876 a complete assortment of metals and ores from Wales, the county of Durham, and the entire basin of South Water, including Monmouth's line.

A gentleman of Brighton propounds the practicability and economy of using chalk as a substitute for coal. He says he has studied the matter, and that he has discovered how chalk may be burnt with coal as fuel, the result being a saving of 30 or 40 per cent of coal.

Grog from Tea.—London papers announce the introduction in that city of a spirituous drink made from tea. It is called *Robur*, which, I need hardly say, is a Latin word denoting both great strength and a species of very hard oak. The article is said to possess all the stimulating qualities of spirits, ordinarily so called, without their intoxicating properties.

There is much talk in some circles in Paris at present of a great scheme of scientific association, at the head of which are the most important and distinguished members of the French Institute. The main object is to form in the chief towns of France centres of free education where every one who pleases may receive the most advanced scientific instruction. Where will they get the requisite number of learned gentlemen to teach in so many towns?

BED OF GLAUBER'S SALT.—A deposit of Glauber's salt has lately been discovered in the Caucasus, not very far from Tiflis. In sinking a shaft the experimenters penetrated a bed of pure Glauber's salt to a depth of five feet, with a probability that the thickness was much greater. In the same region there are various lakes filled with solutions of Glauber's salt, which furnish the apothecaries of that neighbourhood with what they need of that substance, as it crystallizes in perfect purity along the edge of the water.

LIQUID FUEL.—Parties who have charge of the liquid fuel process at St. Louis are pushing it before the public with commendable energy. The process consists of decomposing water, setting free the hydrogen and oxygen which are united with combustible liquids, as petroleum, producing great light and intense heat. A great deal is claimed for this process for illuminating purposes, and it is applied to quite an extent in the manufacture of iron at the Leclerc mills. By means of it a puddling furnace is heated in forty minutes and a thousand pound charge of iron melted in fifteen minutes, being twice the amount of work done by ordinary furnaces, and making iron of the best quality.

Sugar seems to be made without much trouble from anything. Recent reports from California show that some enterprising capitalists have engaged in the business of making sugar from melons. It is believed that melons will yield more sugar than beets. The common melon is recommended for small establishments. The cantaloup and Persian melon yield more sugar, but require more care and cost in manipulation. The yield from the water-melons is seven per cent. After putting the juice over the fire and skimming off the scum, lime-water or milk of lime is added to neutralize the acidity, and the evaporation by heat (never allowing the juice to boil) is continued until thick enough for syrup or sugar.

EFFECTS OF DIFFERENT STIMULANTS.—The following is a translation of a paragraph found in the writings of Professor Von Liebig, the distinguished German chemist:—"The white wines are hurtful to the nervous system, causing trembling, confusion of language, and convulsions. The stronger wines, such as champagne, rise quickly to the head, but their effects are only of short duration. Sherry and strong cider are more quickly intoxicating than the generality of wines, and they have a peculiar influence on the gastric juices of the stomach. The intoxication of beer is heavy and dull, but its use does not hinder the drinker from gaining flesh. The drinkers of whiskey and brandy are going to certain death. Red wine is the least hurtful, and, in some cases, really beneficial."

APPEARANCE OF FOREIGN GRASSES IN FRANCE.—The growth, apparently spontaneous, of several foreign species of grass in middle France, especially in the communes of Cour and Cheverny, has been explained by M. Vibraye in *Les Mondes*. It appears that, wherever the cavalry horses had been supplied with forage from Algeria, numerous grasses unknown to the locality were growing, as many as twenty new kinds already having been observed. A gentleman has noticed as many as forty-four unknown species in the neighbourhood of Angoulême, which all appeared immediately after the presence of a cavalry camp in the suburbs. The avidity with which the new plants have taken root has induced the Academy of Sciences in Paris to authorize the preparation of a scheme for the systematic introduction of Algerian forage plants into France.

The *Courier de Lyon* announces a new expedition now being prepared to the North Pole to discover the long-sought passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic Oceans. M. Octave Pavy, nephew of the former Bishop of Algiers, and secretary, companion, and friend of the well-known traveller Lambert, is to command the expedition. During the last three months M. Pavy has been at San Francisco preparing for his task, and will start from that port. M. Pavy proposes to abandon the route hitherto followed by navigators to the east of the American continent, in order to try by the west, what has never been attempted. The great difficulty will be to free the ice which blocks the approach; but he hopes to find the Gulf stream, which, having crossed Behring's Straits, ought to meet farther on the ice streams from the north. The expedition will take provisions for two years, and it is intended to bury a portion of the stores in case of being compelled to retrace its steps.

GROWTH OF NAILS.—M. Dufour has made observations as to the rate of growth of the nails. Here are some of the results: The nails of the little fingers grow more slowly than those of the other fingers and the thumbs. The difference is about one-ninth. The mean rate of these (excluding the little fingers) is about one millimeter (100th part of an inch) in ten days. The rate of growth on the thumbs is probably greater than that on the six longer fingers. There is little difference between the rates of growth in different animals. The nails grow at about the same rate on both hands. The rate of growth is not constant throughout the length of the nail; it is greater near the base. The rate of growth at the side parts is probably the same as in the middle part. The substance of the nail advances equally throughout its breadth. The rate of nail growth in an individual at intervals of several years shows sensible differences.

A VALUABLE INVENTION.

A new and valuable invention which will prove of much practical utility to farmers, gardeners, sportsmen, medical men and housekeepers—in fact to all classes—has recently been patented in London by a Mr. Bateson, well known in England, and more especially in Scotland, as an ardent lover of sport. The invention is known as the "Patent Vermin Asphyxiator." As its name implies it is intended to effect the destruction of vermin by a new, and almost untried, method. But beyond this it is also valuable as a disinfectant, a vaporizer, and a universal fumigator. By the farmer it may be used with perfect success, and with little trouble, for the extirpation of moles, rats and other vermin. The means employed consist simply in forcing, by the rotation of a fan, the fumes of burning sulphur (sulphurous acid gas) into the holes, burrows and haunts of the vermin, all outlets to the external air being closed. The invention will also be found to be of great value to gardeners, who will find it efficacious in destroying mice, wasps, and noxious insects. Housekeepers are enabled by its means to get rid of moths and other obnoxious insects, and also to prevent meat or game in the larder from becoming tainted; shipowners can thoroughly cleanse and purify an infected vessel, as the fumes of burning sulphur absolutely destroy the germs which perpetuate and convey infection; medical men in like manner are enabled to disinfect rooms and bedding where small-pox or fever patients may have been, and thus prevent the spread of disease and death. The nozzle of the flexible tube may be introduced through a hole in the door, and any infected bedding or garments placed in the room which is being fumigated, will be thoroughly purified. On the other hand, the machine may be used for perfuming apartments, halls, theatres, etc., by burning incense or other aromatic preparations in the combustion chamber. In dwelling-houses rats suffocated by means of this invention do not become offensive, as is the case when they are poisoned, for the sulphurous acid preventing putrefaction, the dead vermin gradually become desiccated. For domestic purposes the sulphurous fumes can also be employed to destroy moths and obnoxious insects; also to preserve meat and game, for although destroying taint and tendency to decay, they impart neither taste nor smell to the meat when cooked. For packing meat a slight fumigation with sulphur is recommended, as it will ensure the meat keeping fresh even in the hottest weather. The machine is simple, portable, and can be easily taken to pieces to be cleaned, and if kept clean, cannot get out of order. The fan is sufficiently powerful to force the fumes to a great distance. By means of a hinged shutter at the bottom of the chamber, the products of combustion can be easily removed. All the joints are metal to metal, without solder or packing of any kind. The flexible tubing may be of any length, and thus the stream of smoke may be turned in any direction. The receptacle used for combustion is also adapted for vaporizing such chemical liquids or compounds as can be volatilized by heat, or by a strong current of air, e.g., chloroform, ammonia, carbolic acid, &c.

The following is a list of experiments, with results, recently tried by Mr. Frank Buckland, with the Patent Asphyxiator, as described by him in *Land and Water*:

Experiment 1.—Plants covered with aphides (both green and black), subjected to the smoke of the insect-destroying paper for two minutes. Result—dead.

Experiment 2.—Grain infested with thousands of weevils, subjected to sulphurous acid gas for five minutes. Result—dead. The dead weevils were at once separated from the grain by being sifted through a sieve.

Note.—Mr. Bateson informs me that the fumigation of weevils should last for ten minutes, to insure their complete destruction, as the vitality of these insects is very great.

Experiment 3.—Two snakes subjected to the fumes of the snake-destroying compound for fifteen minutes. Result—dead.

Note.—In the experiment one of the snakes appears to have died long before the expiration of fifteen minutes, as it was perfectly stiff. I am assured by Mr. Bateson, who has experimented on above thirty snakes, that ten minutes' fumigation by the snake-destroying compound is quite sufficient to kill a snake, and that one or two minutes will bolt him, provided there is any aperture whereby he can make his exit.

Experiment 4.—Rat subjected to the fumes of smoke paper for two minutes. Result—alive and well. The object of this experiment was to show that the fumes produced by the smoke paper, though dense, were not deadly, provided the animal is subjected to them for a limited time. Thus the consummation so devoutly wished for by all sportsmen, that of making rabbits desert their holes and lie out before the coverts are shot, seems to be thoroughly accomplished.

Experiment 5.—Two rats, put into some 30 ft. of drain pipes to represent a rat-hole, were subjected to the fumes of sulphur paper, that is, sulphurous acid gas, for rather less than one minute. Result—both were dead.

Note.—The joints of the pipes were not tight, and a good deal of smoke escaped through each joint.

Experiment 6.—Rat in a glass case, but not hermetically sealed; subjected to the same fumes of sulphurous acid gas for half a minute. Result—dead.

Experiment 7.—A piece of putrid meat, smelling abominably, and covered with maggots, was subjected to the fumes of sulphurous acid gas for about two minutes. Result—all smell had entirely disappeared, and the meat was perfectly sweet. The maggots appeared quite dead, but I am informed by Mr. Bateson that the fumigation was not carried on sufficiently long to destroy all vitality, as the tenacity of life in maggots is quite marvellous. A longer fumigation would have the desired effect.

From this last experiment we deduce one of the most, out of the many, valuable applications of the machine. Sulphurous acid gas is one of the best disinfectants, as well as one of the most powerful and effective deodorisers at present known. It absolutely destroys the germs which perpetuate and convey infection, and thus hospitals, rooms, or bedding where small-pox or fever patients may have been can at once be easily and thoroughly disinfected by the use of this machine, which is also applicable for disinfecting vessels from the fatal pest of yellow fever; and thus, by means as simple and cheap as they are effectual, the spread of disease is checked and innumerable lives may be saved.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is stated that Father Hyacinthe and the Abbé Michaud, late vicar of the Madeleine, propose to go to New Caledonia to establish a church, in accordance with their own doctrines, among the political convicts of that penal settlement.

An experiment lately made with paraffin for the purpose of testing its power to keep birds from eating seeds when sown, proved so far successful that, of a handful of radish seed soaked in the oil for fifteen minutes and then sown, not a seed appeared to have been taken, as all came up freely, and no protection was afforded, although birds were abundant.

Here is an old advertisement that has a karkastic moral in it, which some one has had money and enterprise enough to pay for:—"My husband is out on the strike. He prefers that to work. He aint any use to me. I must work to keep the children and self. His ten shillings goes to beer. I'll swop my husband while he's on strike for a sewing-machine." A good swop too, but one in which the woman would be the gainer.

The German Emperor has just sent his iron cross to a Frenchman who jumped into the Moselle and rescued a German soldier from drowning. The Frenchman returned the cross, respectfully regretting his inability to accept any mark of distinction from the German Emperor. He claims in exchange the liberation of the last French prisoner who is still detained in a Prussian prison. "Your Majesty owes me a man, for I have given one to you, and I claim the payment."

Once upon a time—so goes the tale—the Grand Duke of Florence proclaimed that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza at a certain time should receive a new suit of clothes as a gift. At the appointed hour multitudes of beggars assembled. The officers closed the avenues of the square, compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes, and gave them each a new suit. Enough money was found in the old clothes to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno, still called the Beggars' Bridge.

The telegraph makes curious mistakes at times, but perhaps never made a more lugubrious error than a week or two ago, when the following despatch was received at the Monastery of Voreppe:—"Father Liguier is dead; we shall arrive by train at three to-morrow." The good monks immediately prepared a grave for the deceased, and sent a hearse to the station to meet the body. But when the train stopped, to the great astonishment of the sorrowing monks, out jumped Father Liguier and his friends. The telegram had been changed from "Père Liguier et moi" into "Père Liguier est mort."

Dr. Abeken, an able Prussian politician, died on the 8th ultimo. He was called "the pen of Bismarck," and was of the greatest assistance to that statesman. He was faithful to him to the last hair, and gloried in the success of his idol. He was a man of the most honourable and high-souled principle, and we are glad to record that he ever inculcated the doctrine that the German and English nations must be for ever united, joining hands for the propagation of the highest interests of mankind. Germany has lost a great man, and it seems we have to regret a warm friend.

One should never grudge one's neighbour a little harmless mirth at one's own expense, and therefore the French papers may be pardoned for joking as they do about the telegram which appeared recently reporting the death of M. Delaunay, Director of the Paris Observatory. The telegram said:—"M. Delaunay was drowned at Cherbourg yesterday with three other persons—MM. Canot, Chaviré, and Bourrasque," which last three names, being interpreted, would signify Messrs. Boat, Capsize, and Squall. It was not more than a month ago that we read in most of the Paris papers: "M. Stanley vient d'arriver à Marseille portant des nouvelles rassurantes de MM. Livingstone (sic) et Ujiji."

LIVE BRAVERS WANTED.—Frank Buckland writes in *Land and Water*:—"I am very anxious to obtain some live beavers for the Marquis of Bute. The Marquis writes me: 'I propose to turn them out in the Island of Bute. I thought the climate in Wales, hot, close, and exceedingly wet, would not suit them so well as the clear and sharper, albeit mild, climate of the west of Scotland, where also I have streams running through pine woods, which I thought would do well for them.' Will any of our correspondents, especially those in Canada and America, kindly assist the Marquis in obtaining the beavers? I am sure they would do well in Scotland, and would be a great addition to Scotland. This is really a most important move in the right direction."

THE UNITED STATES NAVY.—The navy of the United States consists at present of 177 vessels, of which 69 are steamers, 51 monitors or ironclads, 29 sailing ships, and 28 tugs. Of the 98 steamers and sailing vessels, 34, carrying in the aggregate 382 guns, are on duty in various fleets; 46 are laid up; 1 is on the lakes; 6 are unassigned, and the remaining 12 are used as receiving ships, or on special duty. The monitors and ironclads are laid up at League Island, Washington, and New Orleans. The monitor "Terror" is, however, attached to the North Atlantic fleet. The majority of the 46 vessels laid up can be prepared for sea at a small expense whenever Congress authorises the enlistment of additional seamen to man them. The 34 vessels engaged in cruising are distributed as follows:—9 in the Pacific fleet, 8 in the Asiatic, 7 in the European, 6 in the North Atlantic, and 4 in the South Atlantic fleet.

A return which has just been issued of the number of English, Scotch, and Irish commissioned officers in each regiment of Foot Guards, Household Cavalry, Royal Engineers, and Artillery, also of the Cavalry of the Line, and of the Infantry of the Line and Rifle Brigade, gives the following results:—

	English.	Scotch.	Irish.
Household Cavalry.....	64	11	15
Cavalry of the Line.....	605	81	161
Royal Horse Artillery.....	212	30	27
Royal Artillery.....	1,088	104	196
Royal Engineers.....	424	52	134
Foot Guards.....	201	30	15
Infantry of the Line.....	3,387	501	1,163
Total.....	5,981	809	1,711

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

LONELY.

Tædet cœli convexa tueri.—Virgil.

I.

A hush on the lofty mountains,
A hush in the lowly vales,
And night from the lanes of the forest
Her funeral shadow trails;
I wander afar on the headland,
To the foot of the tamarack tree,
And I muse, forsaken and lonely,
Ah! lonely as lonely can be.

II.

I bend mine ear and I listen
If the voices of loved ones at home
Will come through the spaces, and whisper
A comfort to me in the gloom:
Alas! I hear naught in the stillness
Save the moan of the desolate sea,
And my heart it is aching and lonely,
Oh! lonely as lonely can be.

III.

I look above in the heavens
To the star by her set apart,
Which, often in hours of sadness,
Illumined and gladdened my heart;
But to-night a cloud has come o'er it,
And hidden its lustre from me,
Ah! to-night I am mournful and lonely,
Ah! lonely as lonely can be.

IV.

A sigh o'er the days of my childhood!
A tear for the beautiful past;
No trust in the hopes of the future,
No hopes of a joy that will last:
I live encircled by phantoms,
And cling to a love that must flee,
I ne'er was so sad and so lonely,
Oh! lonely as lonely can be.

V.

Poor heart, what need of repining?
Said a voice from the caverns below:
If the souls thou hast loved are too narrow
To embrace thee now in thy woe,
Look up to Him whose affection
Is broad and immense as the sea,
And thy soul so despondent and lonely,
Shall be happy as happy can be.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

THE ALBUM.

BY JOHN READE.

CHAPTER I.

EDWARD LESLIE sat alone at his own fireside. And a very pleasant home it was, not only comfortable but luxurious. For its owner had prospered in the world,—deservedly prospered, if thrift and integrity ought to have their reward among men.

Edward Leslie occupied a high position among the rising merchants of New York. He was respected for qualities which are comparatively rare. Though a shrewd business man, he was honest and trustworthy; though ambitious and fond of making money, he was kind and charitable and benevolent. His friends knew his value, although, perhaps, there were some who thought him hard and grasping. Many a man, now doing well in business, he had helped to raise from the slough of despond, when troublous times came and some lost their all. But he was the least ostentatious of men. He hated even to be reminded of the benefits which he rendered to his fellows. For promising young men just commencing life he always had a word of encouragement, for he never forgot the days when he had needed such encouragement himself. Those who were in his employ looked upon him as a father or a brother rather than as a master. Yet he was strict. The kindest masters are not those who allow their employees to do just as they please. But if he was strict, he was just and was never cruelly hard on mere blunders—the result of inexperience. So they all loved and esteemed him, as indeed every one did who thoroughly knew him.

Edward was, also, though he meddled little in party politics, a man of public spirit. Any movement which tended to ameliorate the condition of the poor, to spread education and foster intelligence, or to improve the morals and tastes of the people, found in him a ready and valuable co-operator. His name was well-known in connection with several benevolent enterprises. He had, almost unaided, founded an institution for the intellectual advancement and recreation of young men engaged in commercial pursuits. In fact, nothing of the kind was ever started within the range of his acquaintance without his being consulted. And the same activity and energy which he had given to his business he also bestowed on whatever work of public benefit engaged his attention. Whatsoever his hand found to do, it was done with all his might.

And yet Edward Leslie was an unhappy man. Perhaps it was his unhappiness which made him so indefatigable in his own service and the service of others. We do not mean to say that he was not naturally a man of energy. But his unhappiness may have tended to increase this energy. With some men and women this is the case; while others, if they have any sorrow, give themselves up to perpetual fretfulness and moping. Neither the tempera-

ment nor the principles of Edward Leslie could have allowed him to do this.

Yes, with all his prosperity and reputation and prospects, Edward Leslie was unhappy. Very little can we tell of the inner life by the outward circumstances and demeanour. The lips may smile while the heart is bleeding; the face may be calm and placid while the soul is burning at the stake; while the ears are listening to praises and flattery, the object of them may be cursing the day in which he was born.

Edward Leslie's unhappiness, it is true, was not so bad as these last words would imply. It was not above what he was able to bear. Still it was a heavy burden, ever present; a dull, abiding pain, which ever interrupted all visits of pleasure.

There were only a few who knew of Edward Leslie's unhappiness; there were fewer still who were aware of the cause of it.

Among the latter was Dr. Morton, Edward's most tried and trusty friend. They had been born in the same pretty village on the banks of the Hudson, and had been schoolfellows. Before Dr. Morton had completed his studies, Edward had already saved some money, the nucleus of his future fortune. He was very careful in those days. By most of his young companions he was considered even miserly. Yet he broke upon his treasure when the young doctor first came to New York, and he saw that he stood in need of assistance to give him a start in his profession. From any other man in the world, perhaps, Dr. Morton would not have received a cent. But he knew that Edward meant all that he said, and nothing could be more delicate than the way the favour was proffered. He made it a sort of investment, and made its acceptance a favour to himself. The investment was successful. The doctor not only turned the loan to good account in his profession, but he satisfied the desire of his heart by marrying, sooner than he otherwise could have done, the lady of his choice. About a year after, Edward lost what was to him at that time a pretty large sum of money through the dishonesty and ingratitude of an acquaintance to whom he had lent it. He, also, was then looking forward to a happier state, and this expectation more than doubled his loss. It was then that the investment proved serviceable. The doctor had prospered and was not only able to return the borrowed money but to lend himself. Edward, however, thought it wise to defer his marriage for another year.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sad," and these delays are a severe test of love. Yet Edward was truly loved. Emma Dawson knew his worth, knew the strength of his affection as well as of his principles, and, after rejecting, to the indignation of her parents, many wealthy suitors, fixed her heart on him and accepted him when he asked her. Her father was a wealthy man, and somewhat vain of his wealth. He desired a wealthy husband for his daughter. She was his only living daughter, and his favourite child. Of his two sons neither had turned out well. One had gone in a whaling ship and was drowned. At least, so it was believed. The other, though he lived at home, was of little comfort to him. His whole aim was to spend his father's money in fashionable sports and vices. Much of the blame rested on the father, more on the mother, who lavished tenderness on him when he deserved rebuke. When he was at college he had been encouraged to bring home the young scions of wealth and distinction whom he met there, that they might reflect some of their hereditary honour on the Dawson family. It is no wonder, then, that James Dawson, who was originally rather inclined to study, soon gave himself wholly up to pleasure.

At the time that he finished his college course, Edward and Emma had been engaged for about six months. But for a much longer period they had become accustomed to love and to treat each other as lovers. For a long time Edward's poverty made him shy with Emma. But she, with a true woman's instinct, saw that the day would come when he would hold his head as proudly as any of them. It was not for his prospects, however, that she loved him, though his prospects gave her good grounds to defend her love and her lover.

By the timely aid of his friend, Dr. Morton, Edward was enabled to begin business for himself. The thought of Emma made him hopeful and added new vigour to his natural energy. It was soon seen that he was a rising man. At the end of a year he was already recognized as on the high road to prosperity. But, in actual position, he was, as yet, far from being an equal match for Emma, and her parents were against him.

A young gentleman, whom James had brought on a visit to the house, a class-fellow of his, of "great expectations," had set his affections on Emma Dawson. He was really a good hearted fellow and very intelligent and entertaining; and Emma liked his society better than that of the majority of her male acquaintances. Mr. and Mrs. Dawson favoured his suit, even before he had made any confession of attachment. Mrs. Dawson, especially, was always devising opportunities for compassing the object of her ambition. But her vulgar pertinacity made the young man shy, and he postponed his avowal from day to

day. His will was not altogether his own. He, too, had a father to be consulted,—a father whom he respected and loved. So, although the more he saw Emma Dawson, the more he loved her, he hesitated about entrusting her with his secret. But was it a secret to her? A woman generally discovers any sign of the tender passion, when she herself is the object. Yet Emma Dawson, although her mother was beginning to hope that Henry Mills had supplanted Edward Leslie in her affections, was really unaware that she was the object of more than ordinary attention. She had been long accustomed to respect and admiration and many a harsh voice had grown soft in addressing her. She found in Henry Mills only a pleasant companion whose society she enjoyed. Perhaps the real cause of her blindness to the true state of affairs was that her heart was already engaged. She thought so much of her own Edward that she had ceased to occupy herself with surmises as to the feelings and intentions of others. So, also, she was quite unconscious of the buzzing rumours around her, for Mr. Dawson did not hermetically seal her exultation.

It happened that for some time, while Mills was visiting at the Dawson's, Edward had been prevented by press of business from visiting Emma. Indeed he did not often visit her at any time for he knew he was not welcome to the rest of the family. They often met, however, at Dr. Morton's. One day, during this interval, a gossip acquaintance thought he would surprise him by a piece of news. He did surprise him. The news was the approaching marriage of Henry Mills, the accomplished son of Senator Mills, the millionaire, to Emma Dawson. Edward at first tried to laugh the matter off as empty gossip, but he was agitated and distressed in spite of himself. He determined at once to see Emma and hear the contradiction from her own lips. He called, but Emma was not at home. He left his card.

That very evening a ball had been given in honour of young Mills, who was to leave next day for his Pennsylvania home. When it was over he and Emma, at his request, agreed to walk home together, as it was a beautiful moonlight night. On the way, Mills' overcharged feelings were too much for him to bear, so he unburdened his heart to his companion. He was just eagerly telling the story of his love to Emma, who listened, with lowered face, when a gentleman met them. Emma raised her eyes. It was Edward Leslie. He passed on. She was going to call after him, but restrained herself and soon his quickened steps died away in the distance.

She listened now no longer to Mr. Mills. She even reproached herself for having unconsciously given him the opportunity so to address her. She ought to have told him at first that she was already engaged. But then she thought that such a proceeding would be very indelicate, as much as to say that her charms were irresistible. Still she felt a sort of pang at refusing him, not that she had at all forgotten Edward, but because he had been so modest, so gentle, so respectable. There was nothing left, however, but to refuse him friendly, if kindly. She told him her choice had been unchangeably made. Poor Mills felt his disappointment very much, but he still hoped he might call himself her friend, her brother. For his part, he would never love any one else. He departed next day in great sorrow.

But a greater sorrow awaited Emma. She became on the one hand the victim of her parents' taunts for having thrown away a good chance, and, on the other hand, of Edward's jealousy. For days and days she waited and watched and listened for Edward's coming. But he never came. He had been deceived, he thought. He had seen Emma listening to his rival's words of love. He would think of her henceforth as she was once to him, as he believed her once, tender and true to himself alone, but he would never see her again. So although love still lingered, jealousy and pride gnawed at his heart. This was Edward Leslie's sorrow, as he sat in his luxurious parlour, an energetic, prosperous, much-respected, envied man.

Concluded in our next.

TAKING THE CENSUS.—One of the census marshals entered the habitation of an honest, plain, straightforward German, yesterday, and after explaining his business, stated that he desired correct answers to all questions asked, proceeded to inquire how many persons there were in the family. "Vell, den, deres fere ein halften," said the German. "Four and a half," said the marshal, inquiringly; "how do you make that out?" "Vell, den, deres Katherine, mine vrow, dats ein; deres me, dats swi; deres de swi spittpoop, dat fere unt deres choost you stop five minutes unt you see vat it is so vell as I?" Charley (the marshal) not having time or inclination to wait proceeded on his way. He had not been gone five minutes, before Mynheer came puffing up the street, his eyes protruding from his head and a happy smile on his countenance, crying: "Meester! Meester! put me down five—another spittpoop—and choost so fat like butter."

ART AND LITERATURE.

Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur is about to visit Scotland.

Dr. Darwin's new book on "Expression in Animals" is ready for publication.

Sir Michael Costa has started on a prolonged tour in France, Germany, and Italy.

Mdlle. Rosa D'Erina is to go to St. John's, Nfld., about the middle of September.

The will of a musician, who died recently at Schauenstein, Germany, has been found set to music.

Mr. Motley will soon have ready for publication the first instalment of his History of the Thirty Years' War.

A copy of the first French book printed in France, "Les Chroniques de St. Denis," (Parisian edition, 1476,) is announced for sale at Paris.

Mr. Millais is building a mansion, to which it is his intention to add a studio, more complete in all its appointments than any existing in Europe.

Mr. Nicholas Trubner, an eminent publisher of London, has recently received from the Grand Duke of Baden the honour of knighthood.

James Anthony Froude, the eminent English historian, has been engaged to deliver a course of lectures at Cornell University during the coming winter.

Madame Parepa Rosa has thrown up her Russian engagement and accepted one for a season of Italian opera at Cairo. She will not return to America until 1873.

The *Fanfulla* states that the cupola of St. Peter's at Rome shows unmistakable signs of decay. A commission of Papal architects and engineers has been appointed to examine it.

The copyright of the works of A. Dumas will soon be brought under the hammer at the low reserved price of £600 for his dramatic, and the same sum for his miscellaneous writings.

It is whispered that M. Ambroise Thomas, in his next opera "Psyche," is to have Mme. Nilsson-Rouzeaud as prima donna when the work is produced at the Paris Grand Opera House.

Miss Kellogg is studying, under the supervision of Gounod himself, the opera of "Mireille," of which he is the author, and which Rossini declared to be superior to "Faust."

The lectures which Mr. Edmund Yates proposes to deliver in the States will be of a humorous character, on English society, and will be illustrated with life-size cartoons by one of the artists of *Punch*.

The original picture, by Sir George Hayter, of "The Burning of Latimer and Ridley at Oxford," has left England for Philadelphia, having been purchased by Mr. Latimer, a direct descendant of the martyr.

The *Anglo-Brazilian Times* announces the approaching publication of a work proving the recent discovery of the primitive language of man in a tongue "still living and spoken over no inconsiderable extent of territory."

THE LATE JOHN LEECH.—A public subscription for the purchase of the "John Leech outlines," the property of the lamented artist's sisters, is now open. The object is to give the works a place in one of the national collections.

Mr. Stanley is preparing for publication an account of his adventures in Africa. The book will be published in England by Messrs. Low. The *Livingstone Expedition*, the *Athenæum* states, cost the New York *Herald* between £8,000 and £9,000.

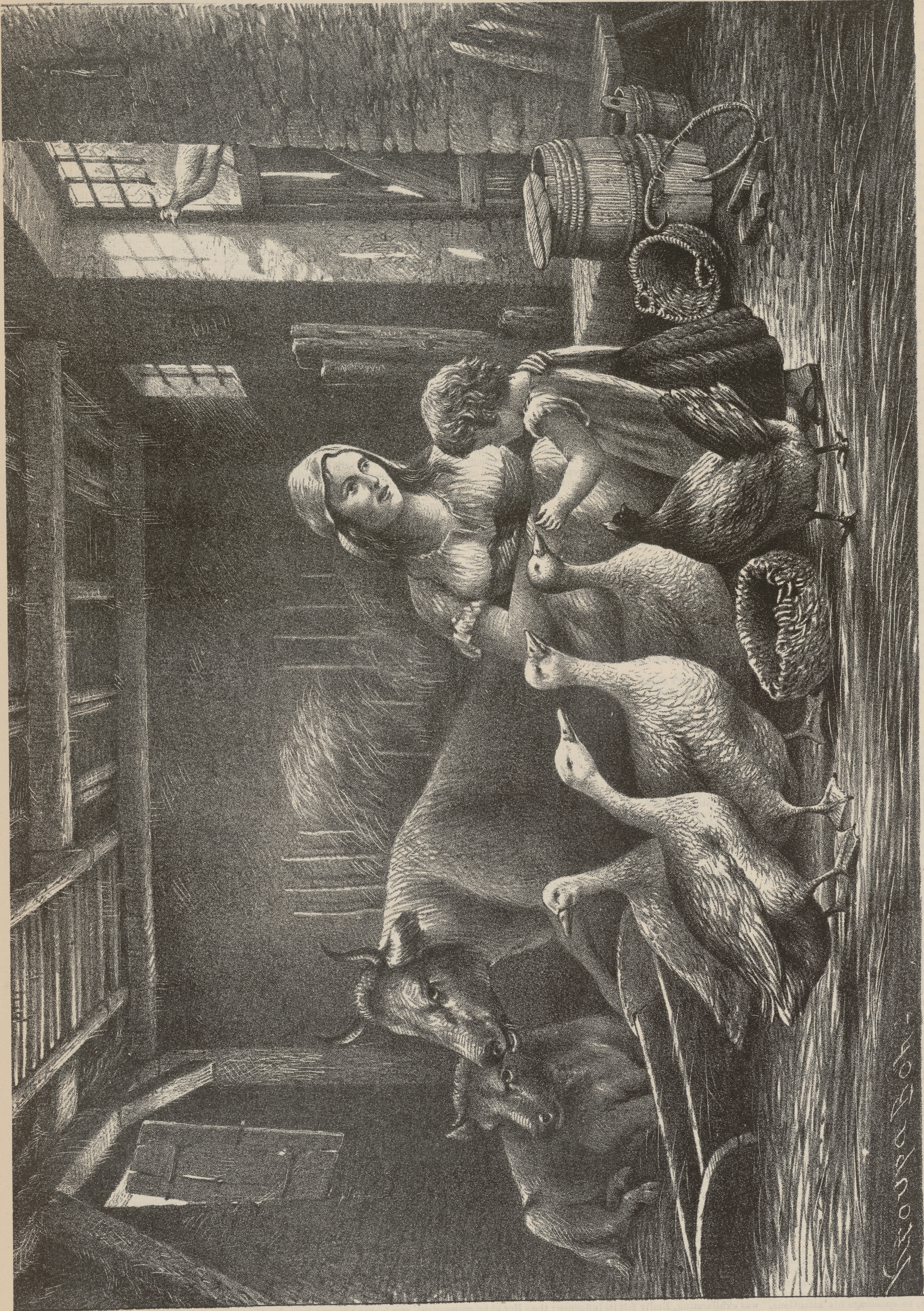
A Paris publisher has conceived the idea of issuing a history of the Franco-German war, to which the leading authors of France—Victor Hugo, George Sand, Alexandre Dumas, fils, Littré, Henri Taine, and others, will be invited to contribute.

The only letter addressed to Shakespeare which is undoubtedly genuine is that now in the museum at Stratford, from Richard Quiny, the actor, asking for a loan of £30. It may help those who wish to know the correct way of spelling the poet's name, to hear that this letter is endorsed: "To my loving good friend and countryman, Mr. William Shakespere deliver Thee." But the whole subject of the correct orthography is involved in obscurity, and was discussed for the hundredth time in the London *Athenæum*.

AN INTERESTING MEDAL.—The director of the Berlin Museum purchased, the other day, a gold medal, smaller than a sovereign, for the considerable sum of 1,600 francs. On one side is the head of Marcus Brutus *imperator*, and on the other that of Junius Brutus, first consul, according to the inscription on the medal itself. This medal was no doubt struck, says the *Gazette de Cologne*, soon after the battle of Philippi, which overthrew the triumvirs and the ancient Roman Republic, and set up the new empire. If this can be unique, the price given for it is not remarkably high.



THE BEACH AT CACOUNA.—By E. J. J.



INTERIOR OF A PEASANT'S CABIN, IN SUABIA.—By E. KROUPA.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

THE DAVENANTS.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

Author of "Hilda; or, The Merchant's Secret," "The Abbey of Rathmore," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

WALTER AVENELL.

Winter had set in with more than its usual severity and the delicate constitution of Mr. Davenant made him feel keenly the rigour of a Canadian climate. December with the Christmas festival that marks its close had come and gone. The old year having performed its allotted part on the rapidly revolving wheel of time had, with the many preceding it, fled into the never-to-be-revisited region of the past, and a new period, the year 1837, memorable in Canadian history, dawned drearily upon the snow-covered wastes and ice-bound rivers of this part of the western continent.

The professional skill of Dr. Seymour made him aware that a fatal disease was making slow but sure inroads upon Mr. Davenant's constitution and he saw the time not very far distant when, again confined to a sick bed, he would be unable to labour for the support of his family, and a plan to meet this emergency presented itself to the mind of the kind and somewhat eccentric physician. He perceived his nephew's attachment to Miss Davenant, and as he knew that a marriage with him would place her in a position to afford a comfortable home to her father and blind sister he determined with characteristic bluntness to break the delicate subject to Emily. Lascelles yielding to a fit of despair at her coldness had abruptly concluded his visit at Dr. Seymour's and returned to his home near St. John's. The turn that the affair seemed likely to take alarmed the Doctor and urged his interference. Therefore taking advantage of a favourable opportunity he communicated to Emily his fears relative to her father's health, dwelling on the possibility of prolonging his life if he had the means of passing the winter in a warmer climate, and delicately hinting that she ought not to refuse the hand of Eugene Lascelles or the wealth which a marriage with him offered her. A flush of embarrassment rose to Emily's temples. She was not ignorant of Eugene's attachment although he had never spoken to her on the subject, but women learn those things intuitively.

"Has Mr. Lascelles commissioned you to—"

"Pop the question for him," interrupted the Doctor. "Not exactly, although it wouldn't be a bad plan, by George! the fellow is confoundedly bashful. He has more than his share of English reserve. But he has expressed the wishes on this matter, and regretted the frigidity of your manner, which left him so little reason to hope. If you would only thaw a little, Emily, he would take courage and soon come to the point. He's not a bad fellow, I assure you, although he wasn't in the way when beauty was sharing. But handsome men don't make the best of husbands, they are generally spoilt by admiration before marriage and expect too much submission and adulation from the poor women they have condescended to select for companions through life. At the best it must be confessed there are more blanks drawn in the matrimonial lottery than prizes, but I do think whoever gets Eugene Lascelles will get a kind unselfish husband, and that is what falls to the lot of few of the unfortunate daughters of Eve."

"You do not speak very encouragingly of matrimony," observed Emily smiling. "You, at least, have won a prize in that lottery, Doctor."

"So I have! and I thank God for it!" said Dr. Seymour fervently. "Hermine is a wife in a thousand, and believe me her nephew Eugene is one of the right kind of men calculated to make a woman happy in spite of his ugly phiz."

The Doctor now abruptly changed the conversation, thinking he had said enough to make an impression and give Emily something to think about. His remarks about her father's health confirmed her worst fears. His troublesome cough had filled her with alarm. She thought with dismay of their destitute condition when ill-health would oblige him to resign his present situation. Poverty was again looming up in the distance looking gloomy and uninviting. Then this marriage with Lascelles presented itself to her mind so desirable in a worldly point of view, yet Emily shrank from its contemplation. Not that she felt any aversion to her devoted admirer; on the contrary his attachment to herself had won her gratitude and disposed her to esteem him for his amiable qualities, but as she had no heart to give she hesitated, from principle, to encourage his attentions. Some years before in her own distant land she had known and loved one every way worthy

of a woman's love. For Walter Avenell she felt a depth of affection which would never die out of her heart—an affection which had been fully reciprocated. An engagement had bound them still closer to each other, but their marriage was postponed to an indefinite period, for Avenell was only a poor clerk in a mercantile house in Liverpool with a salary wholly inadequate for the support of a family. At length a brighter prospect opened before them, Avenell was sent by his employers to India to transact some business of importance with the promise that his salary should be considerably increased. The memory of that parting with her betrothed was often present with Emily, rolling in upon her mind a wave of bitterest regret, but then a sweet hope had mingled with the pain of their separation gilding the future with rainbow tints. Time passed on, Walter was detained in India much longer than he expected. At length he wrote to say he would soon embark for England as he had nearly finished the business transactions of his employers. That letter was received a few months before the Davenants immigrated to Canada, and since its arrival Emily had heard no more from him. It was supposed he was lost at sea, the ship in which he intended to sail for England was never heard of. His name was among the list of passengers, so there was no reason to hope he had escaped the sad fate of others. Emily believed he had gone down to his grave in the pitiless waters, but her love for him remained strong as ever, and it was the remembrance of this loved one still haunting "the greenest spot on memory's waste" which made her receive so coldly the attentions of Lascelles. Notwithstanding the worldly advantages of the marriage she would never have consented to it if only herself were concerned, but the idea that it would enable her to provide a home for her father was a temptation too powerful for her filial affection to resist. She therefore resolved no longer to repel the attentions of Lascelles, determining to crush back every cherished remembrance of past happiness.

CHAPTER VII.

DR. DELAMARE AGAIN.

"We are going to a ball at St. John's, Emily! The Seymours intend to take us. How delightful it will be!" exclaimed Georgina Davenant rushing into the sitting-room one morning after returning from a visit to their kind friends in St. James's Street.

"At St. John's on the other side of the river! how are we to get there, the distance is considerable."

"The doctor's sleigh will hold four, and he says travelling now is excellent. The ball is a public affair. We are to stop at an hotel. Only think what a delightful trip it will be!"

"The sleigh drive will be pleasant enough, and I dare say you will enjoy the ball. When does it take place?" asked Emily.

"On Thursday, and we shall have little enough time to prepare. What shall you wear. You'll have to dress well you know."

"A white muslin tastefully trimmed would be a suitable dress for you and me."

"For you, if it pleases your simple taste, but I shall have something more stylish," remarked Georgina. "A pink silk would, I think, look elegant trimmed with white lace," she added after a thoughtful pause.

"Rather too expensive. Consider papa's straitened means," urged the eldest sister.

"Always harping on that one word—economy!" observed Georgina peevishly. "If I cannot appear at the ball in becoming costume I shall not go at all."

A ring at the door was now heard. The next minute the servant entered and placed on the table a large parcel. Georgina seized it eagerly.

"Give me a pair of scissors to cut this provoking knot, Emily! You are always sure to get the cord into a knot when you want to untie a parcel in a hurry."

The parcel was soon opened, displaying to the eyes of the delighted Georgina two dress patterns of rich though delicate texture. A note from Mrs. Seymour requested her young friends' acceptance of the accompanying ball-dresses.

"Was anything ever so *à propos*! Now I shall appear to advantage," exclaimed the excited Georgina.

"How kind and thoughtful of Mrs. Seymour!" was her sister's grateful observation.

Early in the afternoon of Thursday Dr. Seymour's sleigh drew up before the Davenants' house. The young ladies were ready—Georgina on the *qui vive* of expectation. The trunk containing their ball costume was carefully stowed away and they themselves seated comfortably in the luxurious equipage, the spirited horses then dashing through St. Antoine and Notre Dame Streets, took the road across the ice-bound river in the direction of Laprairie. No magnificent bridge in those days spanned the St. Lawrence, and no railroad afforded a rapid means of travel between Montreal and St. John's. The pure frosty air was exhilarating, Emily felt its influence; the novelty of the scene—the wide-extended country robed in snow glittering in the sun-

light—made her enjoy the drive exceedingly. As the day waned and the setting sun clad in roseate and violet hues the waste of untrodden snow, the landscape assumed new beauty. Then, as the bright luminary sank beneath the horizon, a crescent moon presented its radiant bow in the clear depths of ether, mingling its soft beams with the twilight, thus seeming to prolong the evening. The ball at St. John's was well attended. Persons had come from Montreal and other places, and the hotels were so crowded that Dr. Seymour's party with difficulty found accommodation. At the door of the ball-room they encountered Eugene Lascelles.

"What a fortunate *rencontre*!" exclaimed Dr. Seymour gaily. "Here, Eugene, take one of these fair ladies off my hands! I felt quite at a loss what to do with Miss Davenant; your aunt and Georgina have taken possession of both my arms. Were it not for your appearing she would have been obliged to enter the ball-room pioneering the way for us or else bringing up the rear. She is, I am sure, quite delighted to see you," the doctor added with an arch smile at Emily.

"And it gives me very great pleasure to be in any way of use," said Eugene, eagerly offering his arm to Miss Davenant, who to his surprise showed none of her usual coldness nor unwillingness to accept his attentions.

The ball-room was large and tastefully decorated with a profusion of evergreens and banners, and the scene was strikingly gay and pleasing. The *début* of Emily Davenant in the crowded room was almost unnoticed, for although in her elegant ball costume she looked remarkably well, still her appearance was not calculated to produce a sensation. A few there were indeed who noticed the graceful-looking stranger, and whose eyes dwelt admiringly on the intellectual face, wearing its calm, sweet beauty of expression. Not such was Georgina's Davenant's reception in the gay assembly. A murmur of admiration greeted her entrance, and every eye followed her distinguished figure in admiring wonder as she promenaded the room leaning on the arm of a young officer, who immediately sought an introduction to her from Dr. Seymour.

"Ciel! what a beauty!" exclaimed one of a knot of fashionable young men who were gathered near one of the entrance doors. "Who is she? where did she come from?" he asked eagerly.

"From the clouds! as nothing so resplendent can be 'of earth or perishable elements.' Look, Delamare!" the speaker added, addressing a gentleman who at this moment entered the room; "look at this magnificent creature who has just burst upon our dazzled view! What rare beauty! a style so exquisite."

The start of surprise, the crimson tide rushing to the brow, and the sudden joy flashing from the dark eyes, showed the emotion experienced by Dr. Delamare as he saw once more Georgina Davenant. This emotion did not pass unnoticed by the little group.

"Ciel, how he blushes!" exclaimed one.

"You know her then! where did you get acquainted?" asked another.

"We came out in the same ship from England," was the unwilling response.

"Ah, *mon ami*! and does madame know of this interesting little event?" inquired a third with a smile of peculiar meaning.

Dr. Delamare vouchsafed no reply, and the next moment he stood beside Georgina Davenant. With a thrill of joy she recognised that well-known voice as he addressed her in low tremulous tones, but save the heightened colour she met him without any apparent emotion. Pride forbade any demonstration of pleasure at meeting one who she keenly felt had treated her with neglect. The coldness of her manner sent a chill of disappointment to the heart of Delamare; the radiant look caused by the happiness of this unexpected meeting died out of his face. Georgina noticed its altered expression, and a smile of triumph parted her chiselled lips. Intuitively she felt that the love he had professed for her during their voyage across the Atlantic still burned deeply on the altar of his heart. Whatever had caused his absence since he left her in Quebec, she felt assured it was not a want of devotion to herself. Delamare was making inquiries about her family when the officer on whose arm Georgina was still leaning claimed her hand for a quadrille just forming, and they joined the dancers, while Delamare stood apart watching in evident admiration her graceful movements, and as soon as her partner led her to a seat he was again at her side. An interesting conversation now ensued, in which Georgina learned with secret joy that he had been absent from Canada since he bade her adieu at Quebec; the sick relative whose illness had hurried him away having been ordered to Saratoga for the benefit of its mineral water, he had but recently returned home. Delamare studiously avoided mentioning who that sick relative was, and Georgina felt no curiosity to inquire. After this explanation her coldness vanished, and Delamare saw again the old fond look beaming on him from her beautiful eyes.

Emily danced but little during the evening. Her chief amusement was looking on and listening to Dr. Seymour's humorous remarks on the gay crowd. "Do look at that moving mass

of crimson velvet and black, Emily! Observe her gawky efforts to attitudinize in the quadrille! I do think stout ladies should give up dancing, when they can boast of a certain amount of weight they ought to know they are no longer in a condition 'to trip it on the light fantastic toe.' And bless me what a contrast her partner presents! I mean that dapper man in such trim attire. See! how he is swung round in the dance by his very formidable partner. He seems a mere nothing in her hands, yet, in spite of his inferiority in bulk, that poor bit of mortality contemplates a marriage with the stout widow. She is rich and he a briefless lawyer not worth a cent. Talk of the man being the head of the woman! In a case like that it is simply absurd. She would be able to hold her own against half a dozen such men. Do you know, Emily," the Doctor continued gravely, "that I think St. Paul did not show his usual judgment in laying down marital law. He says he 'suffers not the woman to teach, but to be in silence with all subjection.' He must have been a crusty old fellow to lay down such a law for the fair sex. To make a woman hold her tongue is a moral impossibility! Why she will have the last if she dies for it! They say he was an old bachelor, and I suppose he didn't know much of the nature of women."

"St. Paul wrote by inspiration," observed Emily.

"Not always, my dear. Some of his injunctions were given according to his own judgment, he confesses, and I think this must have been one of them."

"But St. Peter's advice to wives agrees with St. Paul's."

"Oh that is easily accounted for! St. Peter being a married man, must have felt the bitterness of the female tongue himself and in revenge wished to impose subjection on women," was the Doctor's laughing answer.

A lady with a handsome faded face dancing in the same set with the stout widow and her little partner next attracted Dr. Seymour's criticism.

"By George! she is in the field yet!" he exclaimed in tones of surprise. "I thought she had given up her place in the festive throng to one of the next generation. Look at the *vis-à-vis* of the stout lady and the dapper man, Emily—the one dancing with that boy officer, I mean. Observe the girlish coquetry of her manner and the extreme youthfulness of her dress."

"Who is she?" asked Emily.

"She used to be called the garrison flirt in her young days, some fifteen years ago, and it seems she still retains her liking for the military. Just watch her flirtation with that beardless son of Mars."

"Is she married?"

"No! unfortunately no! for it has been the aim of her life to secure a good *parti*."

"I wonder she didn't succeed, for she must have been beautiful fifteen years ago."

"So she was, but she snubbed civilians and would only marry a military man of rank. Nothing less than a Major or Colonel would suit her, and she didn't happen to get either. So she is Miss Macgregor yet, and will, I suppose, go down to her grave in single blessedness."

"Who is that very handsome girl who now passed leaning on that old gentleman's arm," inquired Emily?

"That is Mrs. Clayton; is she not lovely?"

"Yes, but the expression of melancholy in the young face is rather singular. The gentleman is her father, I suppose."

"You are mistaken, my dear, he is her lord and master—worth half a million of dollars, it is said."

"Then she sacrificed her happiness on the altar of mammon. The melancholy clouding the beautiful face proclaims that," remarked Emily pityingly.

"Yes, but she was influenced by strong filial affection. Her parents are poor and burdened with a large family; her husband has made a handsome provision for them. I have known her for some years, she always was a good, affectionate daughter. I am sorry for her sake that the millionaire she married is on the shady side of sixty. Such unequal marriages must prove unhappy. What companionship can there be between youth and age! What interchange of thought between the youthful and matured mind! And yet what infatuation old men often display in choosing for a wife a girl young enough to be their grand-daughter. But where is Mrs. Seymour?" continued the doctor suddenly, changing the subject. "I lost her about an hour ago in the crowd, I will just go and see if any body has run off with her."

During his absence Emily's thoughts dwelt on the beautiful Mrs. Clayton, who had sacrificed her own happiness to procure a provision for those she loved. The case was similar to her own; was she not now contemplating a marriage with one she did not love for the sake of her father, in order to prolong his life? There was, however, one great difference between Lascelles and Mr. Clayton—that of age—and consequently more chance of happiness for her than for the fair young creature upon whose sad face her eye dwelt now so sympathetically.

After some minutes Dr. Seymour returned to his seat beside Emily informing her that

Mrs. Seymour was comfortably seated on a sofa with two old friends at the other end of the room and having a delightful gossip. "And I also caught sight of your sister enjoying a flirtation with a fine-looking fellow, a Dr. Delamare—a new acquaintance, I presume?"

"No, he was our fellow-passenger crossing the Atlantic."

"Oh, he was indeed! a pleasant companion, no doubt; I suppose he enabled Georgina to pass the time pleasantly. It is rather unfortunate he is married."

"Married! is it possible?"

"Yes; were you ignorant of that fact. But he kept it to himself, I suppose, he probably passed himself off for a beau."

Emily was silent, but the Doctor saw something of consternation in her face, and an instant perception of the true state of things flashed upon him. He tried to change the conversation, but Emily's thoughts were too full of the startling fact communicated to her; she wished to gain more information on the subject.

"Is Mrs. Delamare here to-night?" she asked.

"No, poor thing, her health is too delicate to allow her to attend an assembly like this. She seldom goes anywhere."

"What sort of person is she?"

"Neither young nor pretty, but amiable, and, I might add, sensible, were it not for the egregious folly she committed in marrying a man some years her junior. But you know how fascinating Delamare can be, and most ladies in affairs of the heart do not show the wisdom of a Minerva."

"And what was Dr. Delamare's inducement to form this ill-assorted union. From what I have seen of him I think he must have had some interested motive. He is not one to be won either by good sense or amiability. Some more powerful attraction would be needed."

"You judge him correctly. Louise St. Hilaire is an heiress, and by marrying he came into the enjoyment of ample means. He was a young physician beginning life with nothing to depend on but his profession, his handsome face was the making of his fortune."

"And the marriage is not a happy one?"

"No, how could it be with love only on one side?"

Emily sighed as she thought of her own marriage with Lascelles. The observant doctor noticed the sigh, and hastily added—for he read her thoughts. "You who know Delamare can easily understand there could be no chance of happiness for Louise in a union with him—a union into which he was led by mercenary motives only, with one, too, older than himself, homely-looking and sickly."

Eugene Lascelles, who had been dancing, now joined Emily, and the subject dropped.

"Where have you been all this time?" asked the doctor, with assumed irritation. "You have neglected Miss Davenant, and have been carrying on various flirtations with some pretty French girls yonder. I saw you in my tour round the ball-room."

"I was not flirting," and Eugene glanced deprecatingly at Emily. "One must do the agreeable to young friends, you know."

"That means that a fellow must have half a dozen strings to his bow, so that if he is rejected by one lady he may turn for consolation to another. You are too great a flirt, Eugene," said the doctor, laughing at his nephew's discomfited look.

"I do not think flirting is one of my weaknesses," he said hurriedly; "why do you accuse me of it?"

"Merely to put Emily on her guard," rejoined his uncle, mischievously. "You'll not believe all the soft nothings he pours into your ear, Emily."

"I am afraid you are not enjoying the evening, Miss Davenant," began Lascelles, when Dr. Seymour interrupted him with the laughing observation, "What confounded puppyism to think she could not enjoy the evening without your presence."

"You are in a bantering humour to-night, uncle," remarked Lascelles, looking a little annoyed.

"The gaiety around has given him an unusual flow of spirits," was Emily's quiet observation.

"You cannot expect me to sit in a ball-room feeling as sober as a judge," laughed Dr. Seymour. It is not often "the rose of enjoyment" adorns a physician's life, we can't spare time from our lugubrious duties to attend many scenes like this; but when I do come to a ball it is with the determination to enjoy it."

"Why don't you dance, uncle, that would be the best way of enjoying yourself at a ball."

"I am too old for that fun—a man on the shady side of fifty is scarcely fitted to become a votary of Terpsichore, but I can amuse myself sufficiently looking on and criticising the dancing and the dancers."

"And your criticisms are pretty severe, no doubt. Am I not right, Miss Davenant?"

"Yes," she answered smiling. "I really did not think the doctor capable of making such severe remarks."

"How can I help it, when there is so much reason to find fault with things in general! Such vanity and frivolity in young and old! But I think I shall vary the amusement now

and go and play a rubber at whist in the card-room. Eugene, I leave Miss Davenant in your care. I think you had better join the dancers again, Emily," added the doctor, with an arch gleam in his eye, "for Eugene's conversational powers are not particularly brilliant, and you will pass but a dull time listening to his rapid observations."

"The doctor is not complimentary to me," said Lascelles, smiling good-humouredly as his uncle moved off in the direction of the card-room.

"He seems to take pleasure in trying to ruffle your temper, knowing how difficult it is to do so," remarked Emily, kindly. The more she saw of this young man the more she felt inclined to like him and the less repugnance she experienced towards the contemplated union.

"Perhaps we had better follow uncle's advice and join the dancers," he suggested.

"I feel no wish to do so, but let me not detain you from joining them; I know you are fond of dancing."

"Yes, I like the amusement, I must confess, but I would infinitely prefer the happiness of sitting here with you," Lascelles added, with a look of passionate meaning which sent a pang to Emily's heart, as she thought, I never can return the fond affection he feels for me.

The night wore on. At length the festivities drew to a close, and Dr. Seymour and his little party withdrew from the ball-room. As they could not be well accommodated at the hotel it was determined to proceed to Lascelles' residence, which was situated a few miles from St. John's, there to repose for some hours before returning to Montreal.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

Reformers are not appreciated at Carlisle. A jeweller named Wheatly seems to have there started a time gun, but the magistrates have fined him for firing it.

It is recorded that a hungry Irishman tasting green corn for the first time was delighted with it, and handing the well-cleaned corn cob to the waiter, shouted, "Hurry up, and put some more peas on my stick!"

The first use to which the Bildeston telegraphic wire was put was to knock the postmaster down. He had to record a message from the lightning, for which he was not quite strong enough. Such practical jokes are averse to the pursuits of science.

Two Troy milliners, who hated each other as only rivals can hate, started for Europe, each flattering herself that the other was ignorant of her intention, and found themselves the occupants of the same stateroom on the steamer. The way they avoided each other was a study for a philosopher.

Pending the occurrence of a threatened earthquake a South American paterfamilias sent his boys to stay with a friend beyond the limits of the fated section. The convulsion did not turn up when due, but the youngsters remained in their place of safety till the following note from the host procured their recall:—"Dear P.—Send the earthquake along here, and take home your boys."

An Edinburgh paper has a singular idea of original poetry. The following is the first "stanza" of a column and a-half of print under the heading of "Original Poetry:—" "Between July 1 and 20 one hundred and eight mad, or reputed mad, dogs were killed in Paris. The number of persons returned as bitten is 14." The man who takes this for poetry has surely been one of the fourteen.

A Pennsylvania young man had a lady friend who was the fortunate possessor of a half-dozen gold-fish. He went fishing one day and caught a pound trout. He preserved it alive, thinking it would be a nice companion for a gold-fish, and concluded to surprise the young lady by putting it into the aquarium while she was away. The surprise was complete; for the trout swallowed all the gold-fish, and then calmly turned over on its dorsal fin and died of indigestion.

A MISSISSIPPI RIVER STORY.—A couple of flat-boat men on the Mississippi river, having made an extraordinary speculation, concluded that while they were in New Orleans they would go for a real first-class dinner at the St. Charles Hotel. Having eaten the meal they called for their bill. The waiter in attendance misunderstood them, and supposing that they wanted the bill of fare, laid it before them with the wine list uppermost. "Whew, Bill!" said Jerry, "here's a bill! Just look at it! Here, you add up one side and I'll add up the other, and we'll see what the whole thing comes to." So Bill added up the prices of wines on one side of the list and Jerry added them up on the other, and they made the sum total of \$584. "Wh—ew, Bill?" said Jerry, "that's pretty nigh all we've got! What are we going to do about it?" "We can't pay that," said Bill; "it 'ud clean us right out. The waiter ain't here now, let's jump out o' the window and put!" "No, sir-ee," said Jerry, "I'd never do such a mean thing as that. Let's pay the bill, and then go down stairs and shoot the landlord."

Scotch clergymen are given to eccentricities in the pulpit, and a recent contribution of that nature is not the least amusing. The reverend gentleman, who was noted for his simplicity of style, was discoursing on the text, "Unless ye repent, ye shall all perish." Anxious to impress upon his hearers the importance of the solemn truth conveyed in the passage, he made use of a very striking figure: "Yes, my friends," he emphatically urged, "unless ye repent ye shall as sure perish," placing one of his fingers on the wing of a large fly which alighted on his Bible, and having his right hand uplifted, "just as sure, my friends, as I'll kill this blue flea." Before the blow was struck the fly got off, upon which the minister at the top of his voice exclaimed, "There's a chance for ye yet, my friends!"

A paper out West wants modern improvement worked into school reading books, and offers the following as a sample that would be up to the spirit of the age: "Here is a man. He is a fireman. He belongs to No. 10. If you are good boy, you will some day be an angel like that fireman. They sometimes get their heads broken.—Do you see that small boy? He is a good boy, and supports his mother by selling newspapers. His father don't have to work any more now.—Here is the picture of a young widow. See how 'sad' she looks. Her husband could not pay her dry-goods bill, and so he—died. Do you think she will get another man? She will try hard.—Here is the face of a reporter. See how joyful he looks. He has cut his own throat, and he is going for the item. Should you like to be a reporter, and get licked on dark nights, and see dead persons, and climb up four pairs of stairs?"

A good story is told of Daniel Webster, when once dining with a Boston merchant. A dusty old bottle of wine had been carefully decanted, and Mr. Webster's glass filled.

"How do you like it, Mr. Webster?" said the host, holding his own glass up to the light.

"I think it a fine specimen of old port."

"Now you can't guess what that cost me?" said the host.

"Surely not," said Mr. Webster. "I only know that it is excellent."

"Well, now, I can tell you, for I made a careful estimate the other day. When I add the interest to the first price, I find that it cost me the sum of just one dollar and twenty cents per glass!"

"Good gracious! you don't say so!" said Mr. Webster; and then draining his glass, he hastily presented it again, with the remark.

"Fill up again as quick as you can, for I want to stop that confounded interest."

The gentle editor of a Western exchange makes the *amende honorable* in the following elaborate style:—"There is a fly in our office, one particular aggressive fly, distinguished from his brethren by a pertinacity and untiring energy that, if properly directed, are enough to make him President. Other flies we can dispose of by whisking a paper at them, or putting them out of the window. But this fly we can't manage. We don't like to kill flies. There is something so confiding about them, that it seems like a breach of hospitality to kill them. That fly tumbles into our inkstand, crawls out and dries his little feet by walking over our paper as we write. The compositor has hard work to decipher our manuscript sometimes. And in this connection, we would make a slight correction. In the last number of our paper we called the Hon. Mr. — an unprincipled demagogue; we should have said "a high toned patriot." It was all the fault of that fly. The brother of the Hon. Mr. — came into our office this morning with a new and substantial looking cane and reminded us of the misprint."

BIRTHS.

In Montreal, on Saturday, the 7th instant, the wife of Mr. Frank Krauss, of a daughter.

In this city, on the 2nd instant, the wife of Mr. Francis C. Lawlor, of twins—son and daughter.

At Clydeside, Lower Lachine Road, on the 3rd inst., the wife of Mr. William Angus, of a daughter.

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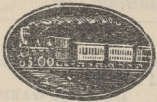
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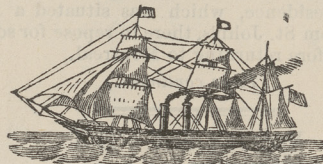
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